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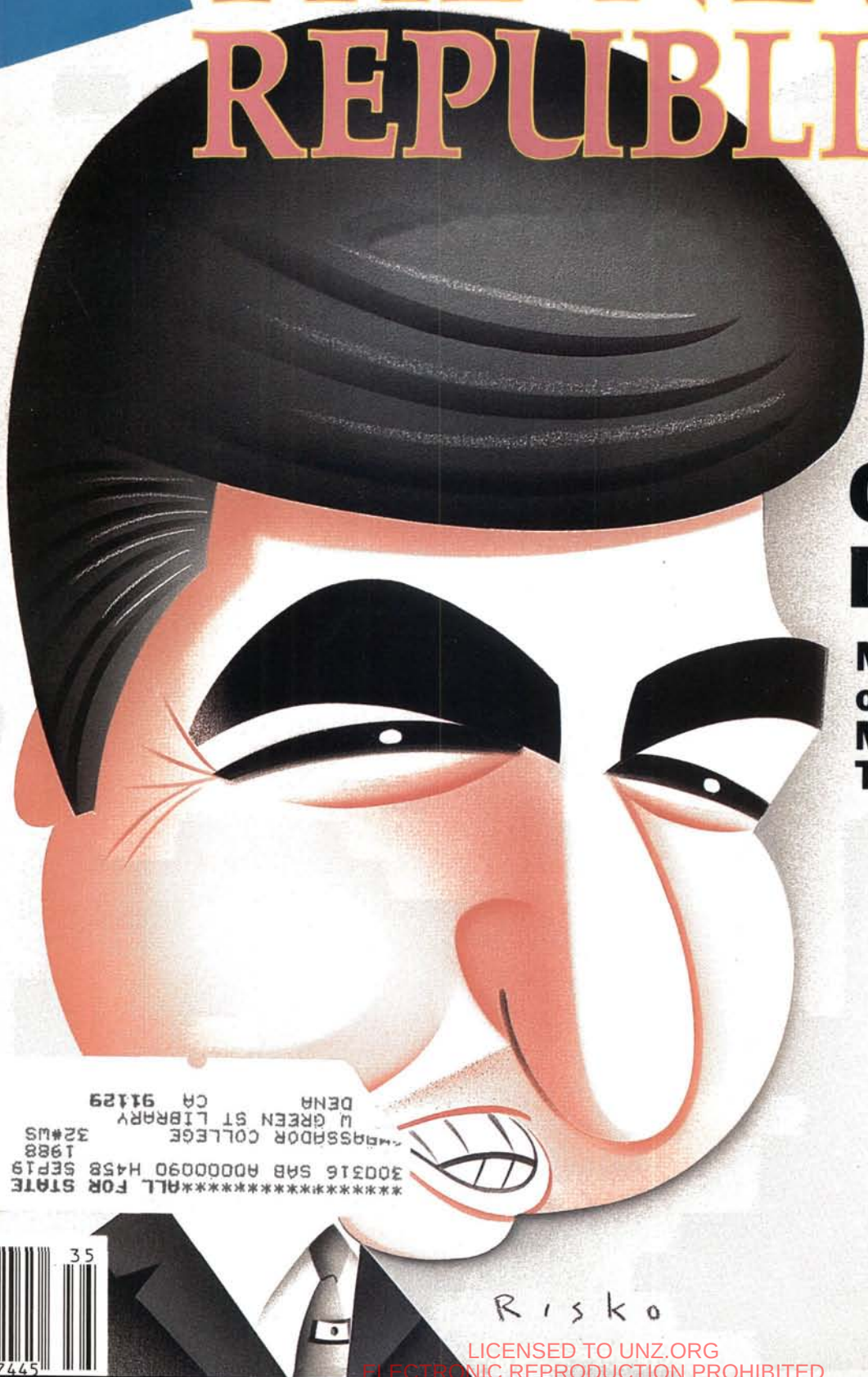
PAUL SLANSKY'S IRAN-CONTRA NOSTALGIA QUIZ

THE NEW REPUBLIC

AUG 19 1987



Cool Hand Duke

Morton Kondracke on the Massachusetts Technocrat

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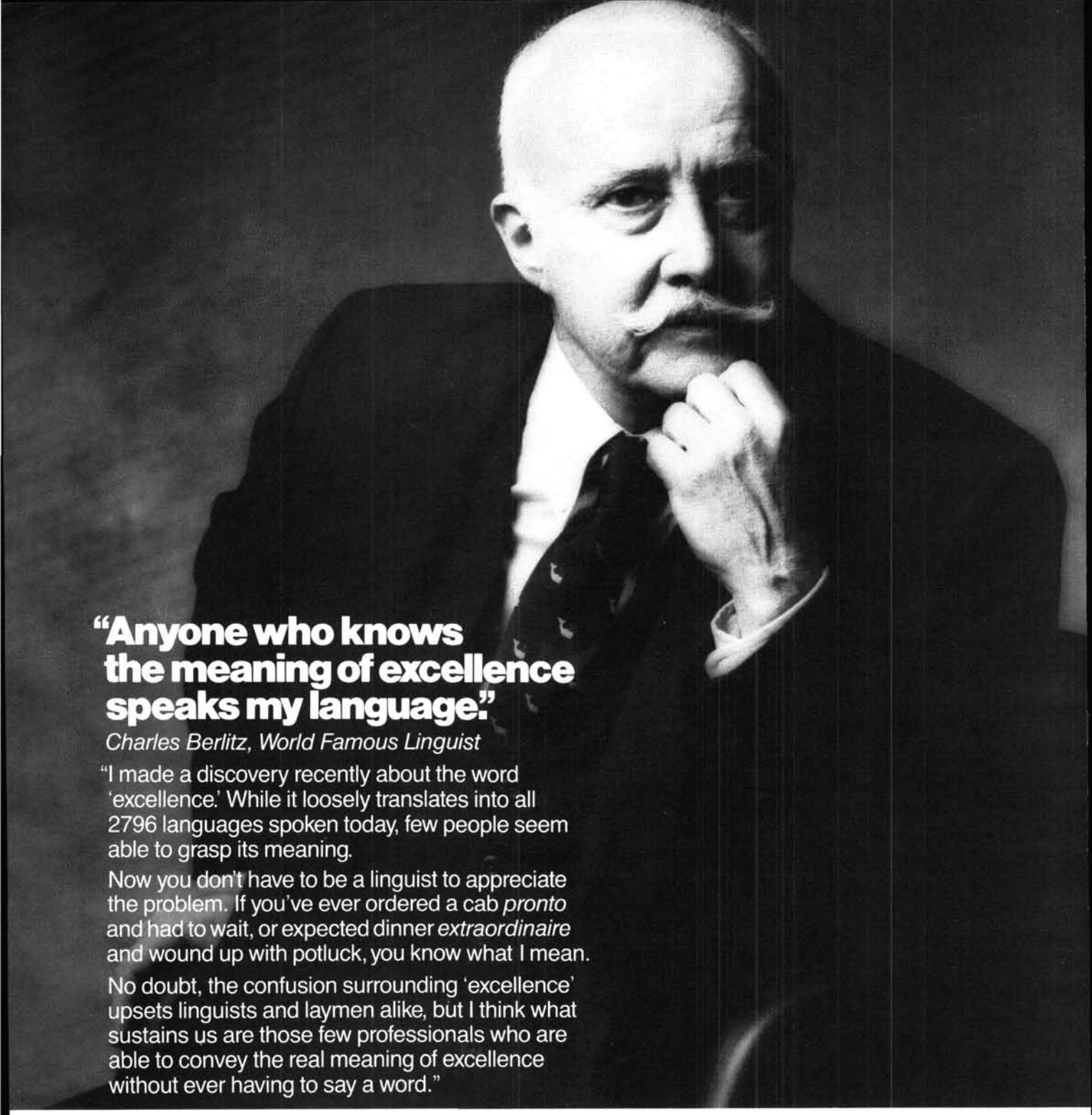

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,789

WASHINGTON, D.C. — AUGUST 31, 1987

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 197, Number 9, Issue 3,789, August 31, 1987. (Printed in the U.S. on August 12, 1987.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 5 & 12, July 13 & 20, Aug. 10 & 17, and Sept. 14 & 21, 1987) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $56; foreign, $81; Canada, $70. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

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(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322.** For subscription problems call **800-525-0643.**

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FROM WASHINGTON

SUPERSAP

The market—that all-purpose barometer of the Reagan era—has passed its judgment on the Reagan administration's Persian Gulf frolic. Whether you define the goal high-mindedly as protecting freedom of navigation in international waters, or more cynically as keeping a lid on Iranian and Soviet ambitions in the region, the larger goal is the same. It is to protect Western access to Middle East oil. That's the only reason we give two hoots about the Gulf.

Three months ago, after seven years of war between Iran and Iraq, the price of oil was about $18 a barrel, and the question was whether even that level—the result of renewed cooperation within the OPEC cartel—could be sustained. Since the United States got involved, panic about future supplies has driven the price up to about $21 a barrel.

Thus the administration has accidentally achieved its all-but-official and all-but-insane goal of pushing the price of oil back above $20, from about ten dollars a year ago, for the benefit of domestic oil producers. OPEC was willing to settle for $18. The other government besides our own most eager for higher oil prices has been Iran's. An extra three dollars a barrel means about $7 million a day to help finance the war effort. The price rise also means a welcome infusion of hard currency for the world's leading oil producer, the Soviet Union. Congratulations all around.

This was hardly the idea, of course. The idea was to show the world that the United States can behave like a superpower. The difference between a modern superpower and an old-fashioned imperial power seems to be that imperial powers used to exact tribute from their vassal states. Now our "allies" (the modern term) exact tribute from us.

As has been widely and grumpily noted, we get very little oil from the Persian Gulf. Europe gets a lot and Japan gets a real lot. To protect that oil, Japan is doing nothing, Europe is doing a bit, and we're doing a lot. It's true, as superpowertrippers respond, that the world is one big oil market and a cutoff of Mideast supplies would affect all importers regardless of their source. However, the United States is still about two-thirds self-sufficient in oil, Europe about one-fifth self-sufficient, and Japan totally dependent on imports. Somehow, the allocation of the burden still seems out of whack.

But the most aggravating free rider isn't other consuming nations. It's the direct beneficiary of our protection, Kuwait. Kuwait extracts oil from its land for a few bits a barrel. As an OPEC "moderate," it has been willing to sell this oil lately for a mere $18. To achieve that markup, it engages in a conspiracy in restraint of trade—flatly illegal by American standards—with, among others, the very nation we are protecting its oil from: Iran. During the OPEC glory years, oil revenues gave Kuwait a GNP per capita higher than the United States. Its GNP per citizen (a minority of the resident population) is still 50 percent higher. Yet kindly Uncle Sam charges not a nickel for protective services. He doesn't even balk when Kuwait refuses basing rights for minesweeping helicopters needed to protect Kuwait's own ships containing Kuwait's own oil. Kuwait's policy is: Let's you and him fight.

Ah, but the leader of the free world must safeguard the freedom of lesser nations even if those lesser nations are too spineless to cooperate. No? Perhaps, but suchlike sentiments are easier to stomach regarding Britain, Italy, and Japan than regarding Kuwait. Kuwait is governed by a ruling family, the Al-Sabahs, led by the Amir. There's a legislature, and you can even vote for it if you're a male from a long-settled family. As the State Department's annual human rights report tactfully describes the legislature's function, it "institutionalized a degree of consultation with the ruling family and served as an outlet for popular expression." Unfortunately, the Amir suspended the legislature a year ago and, while he was at it, suspended the law that a suspended legislature must be unsuspended after two months. (The last suspension lasted from 1976 to 1981.) Why? A "breakdown in cooperation between the executive and legislative branches." You know how it is, Ollie. The Amir also took the opportunity to institutionalize press censorship, though it was already illegal to criticize the government or form a political party.

Actually, Kuwait has one of the milder governments in the Gulf. If you really want your hair curled, read the chapter about our new pal Iraq, the nation the geopols say our reflagging is really designed to benefit.

There's no knowing what the current Persian Gulf operation is costing. Parliament Speaker Ali Akbar Rafsanjani, everyone's favorite moderate Iranian, may have been exaggerating when he snorted that it would be cheaper to fly the oil out. But former Navy Secretary John Lehman estimates that the share of the Reagan-era military buildup specifically designed to make good on the so-called "Carter Doctrine"—that the United States will protect Mideast oil supplies by force if necessary—is costing American taxpayers about $40 billion a year. The Mideast supplies something under four billion barrels of oil a year. That means our protection is costing roughly ten dollars a barrel—far more than the oil costs Kuwait to produce, and about equal to the run-up in oil prices over the past year.

Why not charge? If there's one thing they respect in the Middle East, it's commerce. Right now, the market seems to be valuing our protective services at minus-three dollars a barrel. But if Kuwait disagrees, it can certainly afford to pay up. Just to show we're not completely mercenary, I suggest a sliding scale from ten dollars to five dollars a barrel, depending on progress toward democracy—a dollar off for reopening parliament, 75 cents for giving women the vote, $1.50 for freedom of the press, a penny for televised Amir primary debates, and so on. Kuwait could try to pass the cost on to the customers—Japan (219,000 barrels a day), Italy (163,000), etc.

And if they won't pay up? Surely, in the free market spirit of Reaganism, this is a sign that the service is not worth what it costs to provide.

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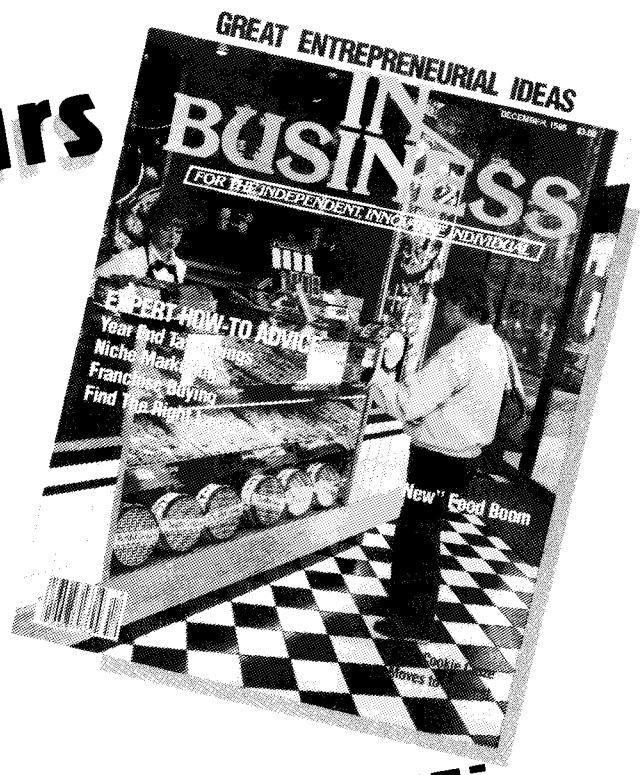

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CORRESPONDENCE

BALKING AT BORK

To the editors:
In "Bork's Bite" (July 27), TNR suggests that if Judge Bork is a genuine practitioner of judicial restraint, liberal senators might be well advised to vote to confirm him, especially in view of the other potential candidates who might be worse. At this juncture, it is difficult to conceive of a more timid stance. There are worse nominees that President Reagan might propose, but this hardly constitutes sufficient grounds for supporting Bork. Reagan's standing in the Senate is at an all-time low, and there is widespread concern lest the Supreme Court become the ideological preserve of a single faction. Is this not the best time to fight a dubious nomination? Only if the fight is lost should liberal senators console themselves with the thought that far worse men might have been nominated. The editors' advice is a counsel of despair, offered before the fight has even begun.

ROBERT MONZINGO
Huntington Beach, California

To the editors:
"Bork's Bite" refers to the role of then Solicitor General Robert Bork in the firing of Archibald Cox, the Watergate special prosecutor. TNR opines that "as a legal matter, President Nixon was within his rights to fire Cox, and Bork was within his rights to execute the order." Editorial writers are entitled to have opinions on legal matters, but not to disregard court decisions. Shortly after the Saturday night massacre, a lawsuit was brought in which I served as counsel for the plaintiff. Judge Gerhard Gesell of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia ruled that the firing of Cox was unlawful and that he could only be dismissed for extraordinary improprieties, which had plainly not been established. The government did appeal the ruling, although not on an expedited basis. As a result, by the time the case was briefed, President Nixon had resigned, and the appeal was dismissed as moot.

ALAN B. MORRISON
Washington, D.C.

OLLIE'S AMERICA

To the editors:
When a man like Oliver North becomes popular with the American people, it baffles you till you get silly. "How else to explain what North got away with at the Iran-*contra* hearings?" writes David Denby ("Ollie North, The Movie," August 3). He describes Ollie the actor, the thrust of his chin, the cowlick, the boyish gap of his teeth, and makes clear his contempt for the American people who embrace a man he deems "a classic authoritarian personality" for whom "we should feel not love but fear."

What utter rubbish! Public opinion didn't heave because of a sincere face or a uniform. North struck a cord because, for one, the Eastern establishment projects an image that says "who's to say the American way is any better." Americans love Ollie because he shares our values and was willing to sacrifice for them. Further, we sense that greed, sex, power, and instant celebrity won't spoil him. His success speaks to what America is.

MICHAEL PHEBUS
Kenosha, Wisconsin

To the editors:
David Denby's article said what I kept hoping at least one of our congressmen would say in response to this pious, self-satisfied anti-hero. I'm sure that I am not the only viewer who could see through this "Rambo" wrapped in the flag, and his diatribe begged for a forceful rebuttal. Those of us who vote expect our elected representatives to protect us against zealots like North and Poindexter and their henchmen. North's glee at receiving thousands of telegrams of support says something about his naïveté. There are 250 million of us. His stack of telegrams constitutes something less than a mandate.

ALTA BERTRAND
Bloomington, Indiana

THE GLASS KIDNAPPING

To the editors:
In your Notebook of July 21 you say you regret the kidnapping of Charles Glass in Lebanon. In fact, however, your note is devoted to attacking Mr. Glass. You gloat, "He may have felt that he was somehow exempt from Lebanon's furies. In this he was wrong." And you accuse him of writing "anti-Jewish screeds" in the *Spectator*. Your accusations are untrue, and in leveling them at such a time, when he cannot answer them, you have behaved contemptibly. Why did you write such a note in the first place? What good could it possibly serve?

CHARLES MOORE
Editor, the Spectator
London, England

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

To the editors:
James K. Glassman's attack on the Dayton Hudson Corp. for engaging in philanthropy ("Free Gifts," July 27) perpetuates the Friedmanesque fantasy of what corporations are all about. Dayton Hudson is not wrenching money from the fingers of poor, starving stockholders. All publicly traded corporations assign to stockholders a fair percentage return on their investment. Dayton Hudson should garner plaudits as a leader in the field, with a contribution rate far higher than most other corporations. If the power advantage accruing from philanthropic benevolence were as considerable as Mr. Glassman seems to think, one would expect more corporations to follow their lead and join the five percent club. Unfortunately, that has not happened.

WILLIAM A. BAKER
New York, New York

PAINE, THE DEIST

To the editors:
John Patrick Diggins is mistaken when he calls Tom Paine an atheist ("Before the Falwell," August 3). Paine's *Age of Reason* begins: "I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy." Paine rejected the claim of any church to a monopoly on truth. For that, the professional religionists of his day called him an atheist. Like Franklin, Jefferson, and many other leaders of the American Revolution, Paine was a Deist, and his philosophy had ample "room for both science and religion."

R. T. DAVIES
Chevy Chase, Maryland

SOUTHERN LIGHTS

To the editors:
Martin Peretz is in error when he says that Albert Gore Sr. "alone refused when

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 31, 1987

OUR CURE FOR AIDS

In Albert Camus's *The Plague*, Father Paneloux's first reaction to the spread of the disease in a small North African town is to welcome it: "The just need have no fear, but the evildoer has good cause to tremble." Sometime after this pronouncement, however, he watches a child die in great pain. From then on he is unable to see the plague as retribution: to do so would be to believe in a malevolent God. But he cannot see it as meaningless either: to do that would be to doubt the existence of a purposeful God. His final resolution is to live with something he cannot understand and to fight the disease. He comes to see that in times of plague, neutrality is culpable, judgment is a form of withdrawal, and action is a moral necessity.

AIDS is the plague of our time. As such, it is a central test of the moral quality of our society. The United States has already taken the first of Paneloux's positions: judgment and isolation of the victims. The question now is whether we will have the foresight to take his second. There are reasons we may prefer not to. Any campaign against AIDS will exact some cost, either by affronting people's sensibilities, or by condoning immorality, or even by infringing on civil rights in the cause of public health. Yet the overriding question is not the costs of doing something, but the profound, collective guilt of doing too little.

The record so far has been dismal. It took President Reagan five years from the discovery of the disease even to mention its name. By then, two million people were estimated to be carrying the virus. The breakout into the "general population" has yet to occur in significant numbers, and the proportion of AIDS victims who are not gay men is small. But it is growing: 17 percent are now heterosexual i.v. drug users. According to the National Academy of Sciences, by 1991 there will be some 7,000 AIDS cases spread by heterosexual contact, a sevenfold increase. That's how many gay AIDS cases there were in 1984. Within four years the number of full-blown AIDS cases is expected to number 270,000. By then, 180,000 people will have died. This doesn't yet compare to the 900,000 new cases of cancer each year. But cancer isn't contagious and isn't doubling the number of its victims each year.

The first major federal legislation grappling with AIDS on anything like a proportionate scale is only now making its way through Congress. (Part of this has been forced by the strains on the health system. It's estimated that by 1991 New York alone could be spending some $2 billion a year on AIDS.) Even so, the bills are, like the hapless administration, still chasing the chimera of testing, rather than concentrating on practical measures for AIDS prevention. Testing is useful for gathering data on the disease, and can identify people for counseling. But it doesn't address the issue of behavioral change, which alone can halt the spread of AIDS. Every other Western country has instituted major national programs. In the United States we still rely on disparate, voluntary initiatives and isolated state programs.

What, though, can the government do to help stop AIDS? The first step is to confront the moral trade-offs. Weighing rights to privacy against the demands of public health, and balancing personal safety against public morality are just two of the tough issues. But the stakes are too high for vacillation. Here's a sketch of what a national program would look like:

Public education. The evidence here is encouraging. Studies of gay men and the rate of rectal gonorrhea in San Francisco have shown that behavior can be changed when people are clearly warned of the disease. We also know how this is best done: campaigns have to be explicit, colloquial, and geared less to restrictions on sexual pleasure than to guidelines for the possibility of safe, and enjoyable sex. At the same time, there's no reason why abstinence—or monogamy—should not be promoted along with condoms. Moral responsibility can and should be linked with preventive advice. And obviously the message should be adapted to the audience: fourth-graders need not be given exactly the same advice as heroin-addicted i.v. drug users.

The current New York Public Health Department's "Don't Die of Embarrassment" and the British "Don't Die of Ignorance" ad campaigns are good examples of this approach. The Thatcher government, hardly a crew of decadent leftists, sent a leaflet through every door in the country, urging that "it is safe to stick to one faithful partner," but also carrying a photograph of a condom, advice on lubricating gels, and warning against oral sex,

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"particularly if semen is taken into the mouth." And it directed different advertising to youth, minorities, and drug users.

At the moment, the U.S. government will only provide funds for such campaigns if they're submitted to states' local review panels (with no high-risk group members), which consider the "bounds of explicitness" of risk-reduction literature. This often means using euphemisms for condoms, or vague contrivances such as "avoid exchange of bodily fluids." The review panels should be abolished, and replaced with a national education program that would dispense consistent, unambiguous information. A decent scheme, comparable to the British one, would cost some $300 million—peanuts compared with the medical costs of a full-scale epidemic. (The cost of treating one AIDS patient is around $150,000.)

Ad campaigns and AIDS literature, however, won't be enough. Some evidence suggests that large-scale advertising has failed to change behavior among those who are not in key risk groups. Condoms, for example, are still the exception rather than the rule in general sexual behavior, if no longer taboo among gays. If behavior is to change before the mortality rates force it to, breaking this sort of taboo is essential. That means taking unorthodox but commonsensical measures. Why not require that condom dispensers be placed in all bars and clubs, and even that condoms be handed out at the exit door of any club charging admission after 9 p.m. and at all rock concerts? It's one way of ending the embarrassment.

Reaching the neediest. For one high-risk group, the situation is particularly acute. I.V. drug users contract AIDS by sharing needles. They are mainly black, Hispanic, and poor, and are now the fastest-growing group of AIDS victims. In New York they already make up a third of all cases. This group also has high rates of promiscuity, which compounds the risk of infection. As the media are belatedly discovering, it

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

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9.	AT THE HOPS	—	1
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1. DIRE STRAITS

The Gulf. Commentary on Gulf events is assuming epic proportions. The French press is screaming about *la guerre*, and the British have identified Khomeini with Hitler. Somebody's got to do something—guess who? It is widely agreed that U.S. Gulf policy is beyond reconsideration. That's certainly true, but what happened to consideration? That's the problem with epic proportions.

2. A SEPARATED PEACE

Contras. The front page may be juggling the Reagan/Wright Deadline for Democracy Plan vs. the Arias Plan, but the real Nicaragua story's in the polls. Popular support for (and interest in) the *contras* has receded to pre-hearings levels. When Colonel North dried his eyes and went home, so, apparently, did all the gung-ho *contra* enthusiasm he inspired.

3. FRAMED AND HUNG

Bork. The Bork fight is threatening to turn into a brawl over constitutional historiography, the ultimate victims being the Constitution's Framers. With Bork tying himself to the Framers' intentions, one front against him is to attack not Bork, but *them*. The hot front right now is the 14th Amendment, and what its authors thought they were doing.

4. CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

1988. The soporific race for Democratic nominee is being described as "decomposed," but hold on. The Republican press is zeroing in on a target, and it's . . . Pat Schroeder! Does all the digging around for embarrassing, out-of-context quotes mean a woman is being taken seriously as a candidate? Such is the state of presidential campaigning that, yes, it does.

5. THE SILENT SCREEN

Fairness Doctrine. Of all the aborted discussion about U.S. political debate, the one over the now-dead Fairness Doctrine has been the least edifying. Defenders of the doctrine seem to think it enhanced political coverage, whereas it merely allowed "debate" to be defined by Tweedledum-Tweedledee exchanges. Better that TV's "politics" go the way of radio's disappearing news.

6. POP VULTURES

Iranamok. Special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh has entered the spotlight, though it's less a case of strutting on stage than having been shoved on by a hungry media. Walsh's recent speech contained nothing substantive (he said a given person's popularity would not effect the investigation), but he did offer some Ollie stories. Stop the presses.

7. TRUE GRIT

Baseball. Too bad Bill Veeck didn't live to see this season. First the batters killed the pitchers with lively ball homers. Then the pitchers tried to kill the batters with the ball. Then they beat each other up. Then the pitchers got caught with sandpaper in their gloves. Then the hitters were caught with cork in their bats. Peter Ueberroth's Flying Circus.

8. BEACH BLIGHT BINGO

Environment. Dead dolphins, brown tides, trash tides, massive erosion, and overdevelopment are the purported price for years of appalling shore neglect. But wait a minute. These aren't really environment stories, they're *summer* stories that come and go annually like migrating birds. Each year there are more such angles, and each year they're gone after Labor Day.

9. AT THE HOPS

Potable beer. Mexico's Corona beer is so popular that competitors are rumor-mongering against it. The real story in Mexico's market expansion, though, is that it hasn't cut into the U.S. market for Canadian or European beers (and U.S. microbreweries are still growing, too). Mass-produced American beers account for 95 percent of sales, but the renewed availability of palatable beer may be Yuppie Culture's most useful legacy.

10. THE LIVING DEAD

Celebrities. Made your hajj to Graceland yet? Surely you've voted in *USA Today*'s phone-in Elvis contest? At a minimum you must have written your Marilyn book by now. The Constitution's anniversary never had a chance.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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includes disproportionate numbers of women, who catch the virus through tainted needles and through sex, and who then transfer the disease to their unborn children. If you're a black woman, you're 12 times more likely than a white woman to have AIDS. If you're a black man, you're three times more likely to have AIDS than a white.

The British and Dutch have set up programs for this population that deserve consideration in the United States. Clinics, based either in hospitals or in inner-city neighborhoods, both counsel drug addicts and provide clean needles in exchange for used ones. Clean needles are the only way hardened addicts can avoid AIDS transmission. The clinics also dispense free condoms and AIDS advice. The programs don't prevent first-time drug use, since the first shot is almost always from a friend's or pusher's needle. And the moral balance here is particularly delicate: there's a real danger of encouraging the social and personal disaster of drug abuse. But the programs have fewer risks than the more drastic solution: allowing the free distribution of needles in such areas. And if they can help to restrict the spread of the disease where it is growing the fastest, among those who are hardest to reach, it's not hard to see where the moral choice should lie.

These prescriptions, however, won't succeed unless they also persuade this society as a whole that the responsibility for AIDS prevention can no longer be avoided. The morality that counts now is the one that can save lives. This begins with the knowledge that anyone who engages in unsafe sex in any context is endangering at least one life. Unprotected sex, without cast-iron guarantees of being HIV-negative, is therefore an immoral act. That fact has yet to permeate American life, though it alone could do more to fight AIDS than the most expansive program now under consideration. As Paneloux put it in his last sermon, in times of plague we must convince ourselves first that there is no island of practical—or moral—escape. Only then will we do enough.

NOTEBOOK

□ GLASS, CONTINUED: We publish on page 6 a letter from Charles Moore, editor of the *Spectator*, the London-based journal to which former ABC correspondent Charles Glass, now a hostage in Lebanon, has been a frequent contributor. Moore's letter is representative of several we have received, all from journalists, objecting to a Notebook item (July 13&20) that said Glass's "anti-Jewish screeds" could not "exempt him from the furies of Lebanon." These letters challenge our characterization of Glass's journalism, and say that in any event he should be immune from criticism while he is in captivity and unable to respond. As our note made clear, our hearts go out to Glass and his family. But this stuffy notion that truth must bow to etiquette and critical remarks should only be directed at those capable of responding smacks more of a 19th-century gentlemen's club than of 20th-century journalism. Does the *Spectator* refrain from commenting on anyone who—for any number of reasons—may be unable to respond? The truth about Glass's writings is clear. He can explain away any Arab enormity, but can never find an understanding word for any aspect of Israeli policy. (We've scoured his *Spectator* pieces and haven't found a single one.) His understanding of that policy is imaginative, to say the least. He has suggested that the Mossad (Israeli secret service) provided the bomb destined for that El Al flight out of London—not Syrian diplomats, as the British judiciary and Foreign Ministry have both determined. He has given credence to an empty speculation that some of the bloodiest warfare of the Muslim Brotherhood against President Assad of Syria is actually the work of Israeli security forces. He has written, without evidence, that Israeli troops concretely assisted in the massacre of Palestinian refugees at Sabra and Shatila. In articles on Noam Chomsky and on Gore Vidal, he associated himself with the view that there is an organized Jewish media cabal suppressing dissent on the Middle East. Given the copious (often unfair) criticism of Israel in the press, this view is a paranoid fantasy. It is not a Jewish cabal that is now denying the *Spectator* the services of its Middle East correspondent.

□ POST AND TIMES, I:

Hanoi Vows to Speed Reporting on MIAs

—*Washington Post*, August 4

Vietnam-U.S. Meeting on Missing Ends With No Progress Reported

—*New York Times*, same day

□ POST AND TIMES, II:

Hourly Pay Fell in Quarter Despite Rise in Productivity

—*Washington Post*, August 4

Output up; paychecks show gains

—*Washington Times*, same day

□ LATE SUMMER READING: We note with pleasure the appearance of *Ally vs. Ally: America, Europe, and the Siberian Pipeline Crisis* (Praeger) by former TNR reporter-researcher Antony J. Blinken, and two books by contributing editor Robert Coles, *Simone Weil: A Modern Pilgrimage* and *Dorothy Day: A Radical Devotion*, both in the Radcliffe Biography Series, published by Addison-Wesley. We also commend to our readers *Hofmekler's Gallery* by Ori Hofmekler (Times Books), a collection of incisive and scabrous caricatures of the famous and the infamous of the 1980s. Some of these works first appeared on the cover of TNR.

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WHITE HOUSE WATCH

PEACED OFF

ON JULY 22 Tom Loeffler, a gregarious ex-congressman from Texas, strolled by the Capitol office of House Speaker Jim Wright. It was strictly a courtesy call. Loeffler, freshly installed as the White House's chief lobbyist for military aid to the Nicaraguan *contras*, had no illusions about converting Wright to the *contra* cause. So he didn't bother spelling out the administration's case for renewing *contra* aid after the current $100 million package runs out on September 30. "Jim Wright is a close personal friend," Loeffler says. "It was a Texan coming to say hello to another Texan."

Loeffler raised a substantive point, however, one he'd picked up in earlier conversations with members of Congress. "You know, Mr. Speaker," he said, "one of the things that's a new revelation to me is all this talk about a diplomatic track. You know, the president is sincere about the diplomatic track." Wright perked up. "Tom Loeffler, is the president really sincere?" he asked, sounding both pompous and oily. Loeffler's answer was a strong yes. "Tom," said Wright, "you show me there is sincerity and I'd like to pursue it."

From this innocent beginning sprang the ambitious peace plan for Central America announced at the White House on August 5. The president's advisers—Loeffler, Secretary of State George Shultz, and Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff—were joyous, thinking they'd put one over on Wright. The Speaker, after all, had come a good ways. Rather than simply barring Sandinista support for Communist insurgents outside Nicaragua, Wright agreed that democracy in Nicaragua must be guaranteed. He rejected containment, and advocated a demilitarized Reagan Doctrine.

But Wright was not the one who'd been had. Two days after signing on with Wright, Reagan's senior aides had come to regret ever having sat down for talks with him. And on the eve of President Reagan's nationally televised speech on August 12, their gloom was deeper still. They concluded that chances of sustaining the *contras* with more military aid, viewed at the White House as the only realistic means of achieving democracy and peace in Central America, had diminished.

This trouble was easily avoidable. The White House had only to stick to its original strategy, which was to lobby aggressively for renewal of *contra* aid, this time for 18 months to carry through the 1988 election. Prospects had recently improved, mostly because of Oliver North's stirring defense of the *contras* at the Iranamok hearings. With new aid in hand, a second track to the administration's policy, namely negotiations toward a peace settlement with the Sandinista government in Nicaragua, might be opened. White House officials have little faith in this track, but they recognize its public relations appeal. Still, the stick, further arming the *contras*, must precede the carrot, a leap to the negotiating table. That was the strategy, at any rate. Wright got the White House to do a flip and go for talks first, aid second. Agreeing to this was a bad mistake.

There were others. Contrary to press reports, the peace plan released by the White House was not Reagan's. Practically every word of it was by Wright. As a senior White House official put it, the plan had "loose ends" that were never tied up. One proved to be important. This was the failure of Loeffler, Shultz, and Baker to wring a commitment from Wright to stick with the plan until its expiration date, September 30. Knowing of the fervent opposition to the plan by Democratic liberals in the House, including Majority Leader Tom Foley and whips Tony Coelho and David Bonior, Reagan's negotiators should have gotten assurances of Wright's steadfastness. They didn't, and within two days Wright had bugged out.

Even more harmful was the miscalculation made by Reagan aides about the impact of the plan. They figured the chances were slim that the five Central American presidents (from El Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, and Nicaragua) who met in Guatemala City on August 6 and 7 would reach any meaningful agreement. The Reagan crew didn't want an agreement anyway, for fear it would queer passage of more *contra* money. In any case, the guess at the White House was that the Wright peace plan would stifle any agreement among the five presidents. Wrong. It had the opposite effect, galvanizing them into action. "We thought the Wright plan would be the working document" in whatever peace talks might arise in late 1987 and 1988, an administration official said. Instead, the far weaker treaty adopted in Guatemala City is. It has no mechanism for forcing the Sandinistas to democratize, doesn't halt Soviet and Cuban aid to Nicaragua, and may strand the *contras* without military assistance while the Sandinistas rearm. Nevertheless, Wright instantly endorsed the weaker treaty and abandoned his own. Reagan was left holding a dead plan.

THE WHITE HOUSE made two other mistakes. Without protesting, Reagan's men agreed to Wright's condition that the White House keep quiet about *contra* aid—no pressure on Congress, no attacks on Democrats, etc.—during the effort to reach a cease-fire in Central America. Wright was smart. He knew Reagan's strength is rhetoric about democracy and the Soviet threat aimed to capitalize on the pro-*contra* (or at least less anti-*contra*) mood created by North. Reagan gave that up and established the precedent that he should shut up while negotiations are going on in Central America.

The final mistake was humiliating the *contras*. The attractive new civilian leaders of the *contras* were in Washington while Wright and the White House completed their peace plan. But the *contras* didn't get a glimmer of it until August 4, the day before it was announced. Even then, Shultz gave them only the sketchiest outline. That evening Elliott Abrams, the assistant secretary of state, filled in the details. That took two hours. "There was a lot of squirming in their chairs by the *contras*," said a White House official. The next

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day they put the best face on the situation, saying they could live with the plan. Then, on August 6, Nicaraguan president Daniel Ortega demanded direct negotiations on the plan with the United States. Shultz said no. But he could hardly tell Ortega to negotiate with the *contras*, since they had been among the last to know about the plan. Shultz said there must be multilateral talks. This encouraged the five presidents to act, which is not what the White House or the *contras* wanted.

Why did the administration get into this mess? "The calculation was you were going to hook Jim Wright," said an official. The Sandinistas would never agree to the Wright plan and would probably try to prolong talks, officials thought. But come September 30, with no cease-fire in place, the White House would head back to Congress for more *contra* aid. Then "Wright's opposition to *contra* aid would be pro forma, and many swing votes would be freed up," the official said. "There would be no threats from the Speaker. And we'd get more *contra* aid." Without pressure from well-armed resistance forces, the Sandinistas won't make serious concessions to their political opponents or be ousted. Why should they? The White House position is that the more duress they're under, the better.

FROM THE START, the White House and Wright had a different concept of where each stood politically. Reagan's advisers thought Wright was trying to crawl back from full-throated opposition to the *contras*. Their assumption was that he knew *contra* aid was going to be renewed and didn't want Democrats labeled as enemies of democracy in Nicaragua. In truth, Wright figured he had the votes to block *contra* aid. The 20 or so swing Democrats on the issue weren't budging, a Wright aide said. His goal was putting Central American policy on the track he had always favored, negotiations. To his surprise, the White House played along.

By the third day of talks with Wright, July 30, Shultz and Baker were involved. On Monday morning, August 3, Wright presented them with his plan, which he had dictated to an aide. Shultz said it was a "possibility." He and Baker rushed from Capitol Hill to the White House, and took the plan in to Reagan. As he's aged, Reagan has gotten more stubborn on issue after issue. He won't listen to pleas for a budget summit with Congress, for example. But on the Wright plan, he had no objections. "He liked the general thrust of it," said Loeffler. Minor tinkering was all the White House proposed, and the document was finished that night.

Only two administration officials raised objections. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger demanded a face-to-face session with Reagan on August 4. He complained about being left out of the talks with Wright. Seems there's a pattern here. A few days before, Weinberger testified before the Iranamok committee about being out of the loop when arms were sold to Iran. Anyway, he also said the plan was riddled with loopholes, and he forced the White House to draw up a list of 21 points detailing how it interpreted the peace plan. Trouble was, Wright didn't endorse the points. And when he objected strongly to Baker about one—it would lift the gag order on Reagan after two weeks—Baker knuckled under.

The other person who objected was Gary Bauer, the domestic policy adviser. At the senior staff meeting on August 5, Bauer challenged the gag order. Why wasn't Congress gagged, too? Sorry, Wright can't control his minions, Bauer was told. Reagan's last opportunity to recoup was in his speech on August 12. One official said he should deliver a ringing defense of the *contras*, vowing to support them until democracy is fully implemented in Nicaragua and demanding they be kept alive and armed if negotiations drag on. This was the high-risk approach. Reagan decided to welcome the weak agreement signed by the five presidents, and be supportive but less explicit about the *contras*. He was in no mood for more risks.

FRED BARNES

Behind the Toshiba scandal.

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG MITI

THE FULL-PAGE ads appearing in newspapers across the country struck an apologetic note: "TOSHIBA CORPORATION EXTENDS ITS DEEPEST REGRETS TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE." At a press conference in Washington, Japan's trade minister, Hajime Tamura, said he was sorry. He claimed that the Toshiba deal, under which top-security submarine technology was sold to the Soviets, "is deplored by the Japanese people and the Japanese government as much as it is criticized here."

Meanwhile, back in Japan, commentators were suggesting—with almost no dissenting opinion—that the United States had made Toshiba a scapegoat for its own economic failures. Critics linked congressional threats to slap import sanctions on Toshiba products with the semiconductor trade sanctions imposed by the president this spring. Video footage of three U.S. representatives smashing a Toshiba radio with sledgehammers on the Capitol lawn, shown repeatedly on Japanese television, stirred speculation of a grand American conspiracy to use politics to bully Japan into economic submission.

The Japanese government seemed slightly more penitent. Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone publicly condemned Toshiba Machine Co., the guilty subsidiary, for "committing a crime of betrayal against the Japanese people," and the Foreign Ministry defended American anger as legitimate. But Defense Agency officials denied U.S. claims that the deal had caused verifiable damage to Western security. In the Japanese parliament, the government was reluctant to discuss the vital issue of Japan's role as a member of CoCom, the Paris-based council that coordinates Western efforts to keep important military technology from the Communist bloc.

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Least repentant of all were officials in the organization that is primarily to blame for the Toshiba fiasco: Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry. There's little sign that MITI's rank and file—the officials who retain exclusive authority over Japan's export control system—take the issue of endangered Western security very seriously. Indeed, the obstinacy of MITI's senior bureaucrats nearly sabotaged Tamura's damage control mission in Washington.

On Tamura's third day in the United States he met with Malcolm Baldrige, the late U.S. commerce secretary, to outline Japan's plans to improve its export licensing system. The cautious package of responses he had peddled in meetings on Capitol Hill the day before had not gone over well with Congress. It pledged to toughen the criminal punishments for selling illegal technology to the Communist bloc, to increase the export control staff at MITI from 40 to 80 people, and to initiate on-site inspections of high-tech manufacturers. As a lame afterthought, it also suggested that Japanese manufacturers cooperate with the U.S. Defense Department to counter future Soviet gains in anti-submarine technology, and vaguely vowed to "improve the function" of CoCom.

AT A BREAKFAST meeting that morning, Baldrige told reporters that this was not enough. If Japan expected the administration's support in blunting legislation calling for import sanctions against Toshiba, something more concrete was needed. "Talk is not going to impress us," he said. So it was something of a surprise when a smiling Baldrige and a beaming Tamura emerged from their meeting that afternoon, with the United States satisfied with Japan's assurances. What was new? According to Baldrige, Tamura had told him the Japanese had agreed to improve their export control system to "a level proportionate" with that of the United States, which spends $37 million and employs 620 licensing, inspection, and enforcement officials. A spokesman for the Commerce Department said later that it was as if officials from Commerce and Tamura's delegation were "reading from the same briefing paper" in reviewing their positions.

But only hours after the meeting, a senior MITI bureaucrat was retreating from those commitments in a background interview with reporters from the *Washington Post*. The official insisted that Tamura had not committed the Japanese government to any measures beyond the five-point package that had been presented to members of Congress the day before. The word "proportionate," he said, referred only to the "substance" of Japan's export control efforts, and not to the amount of money or manpower that would be allocated for the job. Asked how the efforts of 80 inspectors could be proportionate to the U.S. government's 620 export officials, given that the value of Japan's trade with the Soviet Union and China is roughly three times that of the United States, the official replied that MITI bureaucrats were "more efficient" than their American counterparts.

Those comments touched off a minor squabble when the *Post* reported them to the Commerce Department and asked for clarification. Had there been some misunderstanding about what was really agreed upon? A short time later the *Post* received a conference call from a Commerce Department spokesman and the recalcitrant MITI official. The Commerce Department explained that Baldrige understood the difference in tone to reflect the fact that the Japanese were "less committed in public than they are in private" because of strong political opposition to participation in CoCom from socialist and communist parties at home. The MITI official played down the difference as a problem of "fine tuning." As Tamura left the country he even brandished a copy of what he called "a prominent local newspaper" (the *Washington Post*) with the gratifying headline: JAPANESE ASSURANCES SATISFY BALDRIGE.

But only moments after stepping off his plane in Tokyo, Tamura was denying the substance of the statements that had secured him those reviews. At a press conference convened at Tokyo's Narita Airport, he insisted that he had not guaranteed that Japan would revise its foreign exchange and foreign trade control laws. A July 20 Kyodo wire service report quoted Tamura as saying, "I expressed my intentions to do my best to revise the law based on my responsibility, and the Americans appreciated that." Tamura also stressed, according to the Kyodo report, that Japan "did not pledge" to transfer its technology to the United States to help it upgrade its anti-submarine warfare capabilities.

CLEARLY the actions of the Toshiba Machine employees who arranged the deal with the Soviets are inexcusable. But the real villain in the Toshiba affair is MITI, whose mandarin's indifference gave Toshiba Machine no reason to fear that their illegal transaction would be discovered or prosecuted.

In fact, MITI staff members may have advised Toshiba executives on ways to get around the West's export restrictions. According to a May 28 report in the *Yomiuri Shimbun*, Japan's largest daily, among the documents seized from Toshiba Machine Company headquarters by the Tokyo Metropolitan Police was a lengthy memo from a MITI staff member explaining how milling machines could be described in such a way that they would not fall under CoCom restrictions. And according to the *Yomiuri*, police found evidence that several staff members from MITI's Machinery and Information Industries bureau were entertained at Toshiba's expense on a luxury yacht known as "Floating Hotel Scandinavia" that was docked on the west coast of the Izu peninsula near the company's plant in Numazu City. The report said that technical engineers from the Soviet trade agency Tekmashimport were also present on that occasion. MITI officials in Tokyo have denied that any staff members were entertained at Toshiba's expense, and at a press conference in Washington, Tamura said he had "never heard of allegations involving a floating hotel."

Whether or not the charges are true, they raise legitimate questions about the wisdom of allowing MITI, the un-

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abashed patron of Japanese manufacturing, to preserve its monopoly on export control. Since the Toshiba sale was discovered in April, MITI officials have taken to reminding Western reporters in Tokyo that the Japanese export control system relies heavily on self-regulation. The Toshiba Machine case was an anomaly, so the argument goes—a handful of unscrupulous executives who betrayed the bond of mutual trust. But it is precisely that cozy relationship that is at the root of the Toshiba problem. MITI, unlike the U.S. Commerce Department, is not a regulatory bureaucracy. For three decades its sole mission has been to nurture and protect Japanese industry. Encumbering Japan's high-tech manufacturers with complicated export control restrictions just isn't MITI's style.

In early August the Nakasone Cabinet, over stiff opposition from MITI, endorsed a proposal that would expand the Foreign Ministry's role in screening and investigating export license applications. The measure would allow a half-dozen staff members from the Foreign Ministry's economic affairs bureau to monitor MITI's export control operations, but grants the Foreign Ministry no clear legal standing in the process. Officials from the Defense Agency were not to be included at all.

CLAY CHANDLER

Clay Chandler is a reporter for the *Washington Post.*

Why a bad memoir's a best seller.

SPOOKED

IT IS HARD to imagine a more graphic demonstration of the pathology of excessive official secrecy than the case of *Spycatcher*, the memoir of Peter Wright, a retired British counterspy. By launching a global crusade to bury this book, which purports to chronicle the incompetence and malfeasance of MI-5, Britain's sneaky and sinister domestic counterintelligence service, the government of Margaret Thatcher has made all the wrong moves. It has raised questions about its dedication to democracy and its trust in its own citizens. It has increased public suspicion of its intelligence service and encouraged paranoid theories about the dirty deeds it seeks to cover up. But above all, in its censorious zeal the Thatcher government has turned *Spycatcher*, a clearly flawed book, into a best seller and media spectacular, thus helping to expose the very "secrets" it seeks to suppress.

To understand the *Spycatcher* controversy, you have to know a bit about MI-5. The name itself is a bit of disinformation: MI stands for "Military Intelligence," but MI-5 is run entirely by civilians and there is no MI 1 through 4. Like the Evil One, MI-5 is known by several other titles and cover names. The most straightforward is the "Security Service," which contrasts MI-5's domestic counterintelligence function with the foreign intelligence mission of its James Bondian rival MI-6, alias the "Secret Service." But inside the British government, MI-5 is often known by the more opaque "Box 500," the Parliament Street address embossed on its letterhead. (MI-5's headquarters is actually located in Curzon Street, some distance from the House of Commons.) Peter Wright and other MI-5 executives referred to their employer simply as "The Office."

MI-5'S HISTORY and legal status are as elusive as its name. Established just before World War I to track down German agents in Britain, the agency's existence has never been approved by Parliament. Because in law MI-5 does not exist, British governments have consistently refused to answer parliamentary inquiries about its activities. In fact, the agency is not fully accountable to any elected official. Its only known charter is a 1952 memorandum from the home secretary (Britain's interior minister) to MI-5's director. This marvel of double-talk says that MI-5 reports to the home secretary but is not part of the Home Office. The service also may report directly to the prime minister when appropriate. But the directive adds that elected officials should not "concern themselves" with details of its investigations.

Despite its lack of legal standing, however, MI-5 is shielded from public scrutiny by a formidable battery of laws, including the notorious Official Secrets Act, which makes it a crime not only for MI-5 agents to disclose information about their work but also for journalists to receive and publish it.

What a field day the late William Casey and his covert action cowboys would have had with a setup like this. Whether from gullibility, fear of blackmail, or knee-jerk reverence for a tradition of secrecy that has been bred into the system over centuries, successive British governments have pretended that a Watergate or Iranamok could "never happen here," and have left the intelligence services largely to themselves. But the story of *Spycatcher* suggests that they should be less complacent.

A home-taught electronics whiz (his father collaborated with Marconi, the inventor of radio), Peter Wright joined MI-5 in 1955 as its first scientific adviser. He initially occupied himself with inventing electronic spy toys, such as miniature microphones to bug British Communist HQ and wiretaps that could decipher squeaks emitted by code machines at the Egyptian Embassy during the Suez crisis. He quickly learned that bugging and "surreptitious entry" into the homes and offices of enemies foreign and domestic was standard operating procedure. "For five years we bugged and burgled our way across London at the State's behest, while pompous bowler-hatted civil servants in Whitehall pretended to look the other way," Wright explains. They also cooked up schemes for covert action, such as plans for murdering Gamal Abdel Nasser and a rebel leader in Cyprus.

Wright's expertise in communications later gave him entrée to what he claims was one of the West's most sacred

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espionage secrets: a dossier of secret KGB and GRU (Soviet military intelligence) messages from early in World War II, which had been decoded by American and British cryptographers. The evidence was only fragmentary, but it suggested that the Russians had planted a number of agents inside British intelligence. Wright concluded that some of these referred to known traitors, such as Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, Donald MacLean, and Anthony Blunt. But he also came to believe that the messages, when matched with the testimony of KGB defectors, indicated the existence of at least one other Soviet mole high up in his own department.

Wright launched what was to become an epic mole hunt, in which first MI-5's deputy director, Graham Mitchell, and later its director, Roger Hollis, fell under suspicion. Neither of the principal suspects was prepared to confess to a lifetime of treachery, and since the evidence against them was highly circumstantial, it was impossible to build a conclusive case. But for Wright the existence of a undisclosed traitor became an article of faith. Even after Hollis retired, Wright continued to marshal evidence against his elusive quarry. And by the mid-1970s, Wright and a coterie of equally obsessive acolytes were so consumed by cannibalistic paranoia that, when Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson was returned to power amid a leftist-inspired miners' strike, they dreamed up a scheme to smear and destabilize the newly elected government, convinced, on the basis of more circumstantial evidence, that Wilson too was a KGB plant.

IT IS EASY to understand why MI-5 might want this tale suppressed. But it is hard to comprehend why a government that claims to adhere to the practice of democracy and freedom would not wish to undertake a comprehensive inquiry into such egregious allegations about an agency whose mission is to ensure the security of its democratic system. The British government's reaction to *Spycatcher* has been long on censorship and short on curiosity about the truth of Wright's charges. First it obtained a court injunction banning British newspapers from printing leaks of Wright's allegations. Then, when it learned that Wright planned to publish his memoirs in Australia to avoid British litigation, Mrs. Thatcher sent her top civil servant to plead with the Australian courts that Wright's book should be banned on the grounds that he had violated his employment contract with MI-5 by spilling secrets that he had promised to take to the grave. The Thatcher administration reportedly even tried to put pressure on the British parent of Viking, the New York house that capitalized on the censorship spectacle by publishing *Spycatcher* under protection of the First Amendment. The principal result of this censorious frenzy has been to turn the book into a roaring success here and a samizdat classic in Britain.

Yet those who bother to plough through Wright's 400-odd pages of white-hot revelations may come to the conclusion that there is not much to his tale. First of all, his account is heavily colored by malice: malice toward Hollis, toward anyone in the British government who did not fully accept Wright's allegations against Hollis, and especially toward MI-5, which not only rejected Wright's lifework but also sent him into retirement in Tasmania with a tiny annuity.

WRIGHT'S CONTEMPT for his former employer has led him to spill what could be some genuine secrets that even the most aggressive investigative journalist would think twice before printing. It is possible, for example, that the French did not previously know the details of how British intelligence tapped into their diplomatic cipher traffic, and that the Russians did not realize how Britain and American experts had unraveled some of their most secret codes and bugged their embassies. Wright also identifies so many MI-5 informants that he could seriously challenge Philip Agee's claim on the world name-dropping championship.

It might be possible to filter out the malicious bias in Wright's story if it weren't for an additional pervasive defect: inaccuracy. Wright purports to recount documents, events, and verbatim conversations that are up to 30 years old. But the details that are checkable are frequently wrong. Describing several trips to Washington, Wright claims, for example, to have eaten at Harvey's in Georgetown, to have visited the golden-domed U.S. Capitol and the FBI training school in Maryland, and to have crossed the Potomac by the George Washington and 44th Street bridges. None of this is correct, so can we believe him when he quotes verbatim from a conversation between Nixon and J. Edgar Hoover, which he apparently did not even overhear? This disregard for factual detail raises questions as well about the accuracy of the secrets he discloses. Even if it mostly turns out to be trash, however, *Spycatcher* still will offer at least one scandalous, if unintended, revelation: the fact that MI-5 employed as a senior officer a man whose judgment was hopelessly warped. The main distinction between Ollie North and Peter Wright is that one sports a military uniform and the other a bowler hat and umbrella.

Ten years ago, in the wake of internationally televised congressional investigations into Watergate and the CIA, a handful of vaguely anti-establishment journalists began to needle MI-5, MI-6, and GCHQ (Britain's code-breaking agency) with inquiries into the propriety of their operations. The government's reaction then was ferocious. First a journalist of foreign extraction (namely me) was expelled from Britain. Then a major prosecution was brought against British colleagues under the Official Secrets Act's most draconian provisions. The charges were overblown, however, and a judge threw out most of the prosecution's case (the defendants got probation). The resultant uproar touched off a cascade of exposures about GCHQ, MI-5, and MI-6, in which the Peter Wright saga is only the latest chapter.

MARK HOSENBALL

Mark Hosenball is a Washington-based correspondent for the London *Sunday Times*.

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Why zillionaires pay no taxes.

TAX THE FORBES 400!

BY ROBERT S. MCINTYRE

MANY PEOPLE are convinced that the very wealthy don't pay any federal income taxes. But opportunities to test this perception against the facts are rare. Unlike rich corporations, rich people don't have to file public financial reports, and their tax affairs are usually shrouded in secrecy. Recent revelations, however, suggest that the public's suspicions are well-grounded—and that the recently passed tax reform act may not have solved the problem.

Last December the *Wall Street Journal* disclosed that one member of *Forbes* magazine's annual list of the 400 richest Americans, former Treasury Secretary William E. Simon, has managed to avoid paying any federal income tax in at least seven of the past ten years. Over that same period, Simon, a leader in the leveraged buy-out business, saw his net worth grow from $2.5 million to an estimated $200 million. This July another member of the Forbes 400, real estate developer Mortimer B. Zuckerman, found his non-taxpaying status on page one of the *Washington Post*. Zuckerman's 1980-85 federal income tax returns, showing no taxes paid since 1980, became public as part of a legal dispute over his 1980 purchase of the *Atlantic*, along with an admission that he also paid no tax in 1986.

Zuckerman's tax returns reveal nothing illegal or even improper. Near as one can tell, he did not even have to go to any special trouble to arrange his affairs to avoid paying taxes. That is just the happy result of the way he earned his fortune, combined with the way our tax code is written. Which, of course, is a bigger problem than if he were an isolated scalawag.

A tax novice examining Zuckerman's federal tax returns might think that the owner of *U.S. News and World Report*, the *Atlantic*, and portions of numerous real estate projects up and down the East Coast has been losing money hand over fist. But while Zuckerman has been reporting to the IRS huge losses on his various businesses, and thereby paying no taxes, his net worth has skyrocketed—to $250 million by 1986, according to *Forbes*, including $50 million in profits over the past two years.

Is this tax situation typical for the extremely rich? At least in the case of people in large-scale real estate development, and probably for others as well, the answer apparently is yes. Joel A. Kozol, Zuckerman's lawyer, told the *Post* that Zuckerman's abundance of tax losses just shows that "his real estate business is booming." And, he added, due to "paper losses created by the Internal Revenue Service," a zero tax liability "is true of almost every substantial real estate developer in the country."

When you talk about substantial real estate developers, you're talking about very substantial wealth. In fact, 59 members of the Forbes 400 make real estate their primary business, and for another 32 on the list real estate is a major sideline. These real estate magnates include Harry B. Helmsley, husband of the egregious Leona, whose company owns the Empire State Building and whose net worth is estimated by *Forbes* at $1 billion or more; developer, casino mogul, and publicity hound Donald J. Trump, worth at least $700 million; Trammell Crow of Dallas, with a net worth of $600 million; and Daniel and John Galbreath of Columbus, Ohio, whose combined net worth exceeds $400 million.

Altogether, the 59 real estate moguls listed in the Forbes 400 have seen their total net worth increase by $5 ½ billion just since 1984. Yet despite their huge profits, these titans of wealth may well have paid no federal income tax. Those contacted declined to make their returns public.

How do they do it? Much of the blame rests on the tax policies put in place by President Reagan and Congress in 1981 (which—to his credit—Mortimer Zuckerman publicly opposed). That year the tax laws were changed to roughly double tax write-offs for "depreciation." Wacky as it may sound, the 1981 tax act allowed real estate owners to take deductions based on the preposterous fiction that buildings wear out in just 15 years—despite the obvious fact that commercial buildings usually last far longer, and generally increase in value over time rather than the reverse.

These gigantic tax write-offs for phantom "depreciation" on properties that actually go up in value set off a boom in real estate tax shelters that wiped out taxes for developers and tax-shelter investors alike and created a glut of commercial office space around the country. The essence of a tax shelter is (*a*) taking large deductions for "depreciation" on a property that is wearing out far more slowly or actually increasing in value; (*b*) getting the capital gains deduction (60 percent before this year) on the profit when the property is sold; and (*c*) doing it all with borrowed money.

From 1980 to 1984 losses reported on real estate partnership tax returns quadrupled, from $11 billion to $40 billion. The commercial office vacancy rate skyrocketed from three percent in 1980 to close to 20 percent by 1986, as tax subsidies fueled construction even in the absence of prospective tenants. Thus the 1981 tax act did stimulate investment, but hardly the productive investment our country needs.

Zuckerman's tax returns show that the last year he paid federal income taxes was 1980, when he owed $69,000 in "minimum tax." Since then, even as his business empire has flourished, Zuckerman has reported only losses, based on write-offs so large that he has escaped even the mini-

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mum tax, a backstop that is supposed to assure that the rich pay something even if they slip past the "regular" tax net. Some of Zuckerman's losses during this time were all too real—most notably the millions he has poured into the *Atlantic*. But precisely because he is a smart and successful developer, his buildings have generally gone up in value while he has been able to deduct paper losses on them.

Zuckerman notes that his company pays $20 million to $30 million a year in local real estate taxes. In addition, unlike many other large developers, he rarely has marketed shares in his projects as tax shelters for others. (However, the editor in chief of this journal, a friend of Zuckerman's, has asked me to note that he invested in one of Zuckerman's projects and was happy to share the tax advantages.)

ONE OF THE highly touted goals of the 1986 federal tax reform act was to put a stop to legalized tax avoidance by the rich, and to restore the public's faith in the fairness and integrity of the tax system. Did the tax bill do the job? "I'm not sure you will wind up making real estate developers major taxpayers," former IRS commissioner Jerome Kurtz told the *Washington Post* a few weeks ago, and he is probably right—at least for major real estate developers and probably for others among the Forbes 400 as well.

It's not that the tax bill left tax shelters alone. On the contrary, the new law's tax-shelter restrictions are tough enough that Senator Paul Simon of Illinois, one of the three members of the Senate (all Democrats) who voted against the bill, cites the new curbs on real estate shelters as one of the reasons for his vote. Out on the presidential campaign trail, Simon, who has relied heavily on real estate campaign contributions in the past (and was recently in New York soliciting a contribution from Donald Trump), says: "Once you tell somebody, 'we're going to give you a tax shelter,' for example, the one on commercial real estate, . . . then you should not go back and say, 'sorry, we didn't mean it.' "

As tax avoidance added to the concentration of wealth in the real estate industry, the political power of real estate developers has grown as well. In particular, the Democratic Party has become increasingly dependent on the real estate industry for campaign funds. Walter Mondale's refusal to endorse tax reform in 1984 has been widely attributed to the anti-reform advice he received from his financial backers in real estate. This year a Washington, D.C.,-area consortium of Democratic fund-raisers made up primarily of real estate developers has been publicly searching for a presidential candidate. The group, called IMPAC, promises millions in campaign funds to whoever meets its criteria.

Under the tax reform act, the write-off period for commercial buildings constructed after 1986 is extended to 31 ½ years. The former 60 percent exclusion for capital gains has been repealed. And, most important, tax-shelter "losses" no longer can be used to offset a person's wages, interest, dividends, or unrelated business income.

These changes, along with a tougher minimum tax, should cause a sharp decline in the tax-shelter industry. But though the tax reform act cracked down pretty hard on real estate investors, and on passive tax-shelter investors in general, the big boys—the real estate developers and other highly leveraged investors who make it to the Forbes 400—may still end up paying little or nothing in taxes.

Major real estate developers didn't fare nearly as badly under the 1986 tax reform act as might appear on the surface. Developers were able to persuade Congress not only to retain some tax advantages for real estate, but also to allow the developers themselves to continue to use these advantages virtually without restriction. Although phony real estate losses can no longer be used by investors to shelter their salaries, dividends, and so forth, real estate tax preferences can still wipe out taxes on real estate income itself. And since real estate, by definition, is where major real estate developers earn their money, this means that most are unlikely to start paying any significant taxes at any time in the foreseeable future.

Specifically, developers can continue to use the absurdly generous old depreciation system to write off their existing properties, since the new, longer write-off periods affect only buildings constructed after 1986. For new buildings the 31 ½-year write-off period is less generous than the old law, but remains a tax shelter, since real estate typically increases in value over time. And even if developers eventually show some taxable profits from their real estate activities under the new rules, they still probably won't pay much if anything in taxes, due to loss "carryforwards"—excess write-offs generated during the 1980-86 tax-shelter bonanza. By the end of last year, for example, Zuckerman had accumulated more than $100 million in loss carryforwards that he can use to shelter any taxable real estate profits he earns in the future. It's possible that someday real estate developers will have to pay a few dollars in taxes—under the new minimum tax, "only" 90 percent of tax liability can be offset with losses from earlier years—but it won't be much.

Unless, of course, Congress takes another look. To be sure, the pressure to leave things alone remains high. But there may be a lesson in what happened last year, when Congress, supposedly in the thrall of corporate lobbyists and PACs, finally did something about tax avoidance by corporations.

In the fall of 1984 television and newspaper reports began listing the names of the dozens of highly profitable major American companies that paid no federal income tax thanks to the Reagan 1981 tax revisions. These reports played a key role in translating into concrete terms a vague public perception that corporations were avoiding taxes—terms such as "General Electric," "Boeing," "Dow Chemical," and "AT&T." As the public's outrage increased to the boiling point, Congress and the president felt growing pressure to solve the problem. Because the media disclosures were based on analyses of the public annual reports that companies are required to file each year with their shareholders and the Securities and Exchange Commission, Congress knew that cosmetic reforms would not be enough. Future corporate annual reports would provide a check on whether the reforms really worked. Facing political reality, Congress, in the tax reform act of 1986, closed or narrowed most of the major corporate loopholes. Moreover, to assure

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that profitable corporations pay taxes no matter what loopholes they retain, Congress also took the novel approach of basing the new corporate minimum tax in part on the "book income" that companies report to their shareholders.

Public outrage ought to be just as high when the names of non-taxpaying members of the Forbes 400 hit the news. But even if Congress does feel compelled to act, what's the answer? Four changes might start to put non-taxpaying members of the Forbes 400, in particular real estate developers, back on the income tax rolls.

First of all, everyone knows that the combined value of buildings and the land they sit on generally doesn't decline over time; instead, any reduction in the value of buildings usually is more than offset by an increase in the value of the underlying land. Not always, of course. Just ask the folks in Houston. But at least for purposes of computing the minimum tax, no deduction at all should be allowed for real estate "depreciation." Developers with genuine losses could "realize" them and get the deduction by selling the property, just as they don't have to "realize" and pay taxes on their gains until they sell.

Second, the "loss carryforwards" that real estate developers have accumulated from the 1981-86 Reagan bonanza mainly stem from equally dubious "depreciation" write-offs. These phony deductions should not be allowed against minimum taxable income, either.

Third, something has to be done about a huge loophole that currently allows developers and others to tap their unrealized capital gains without paying any income tax. One big reason real estate barons can get richer and richer without owing taxes has nothing to do with depreciation and complex shelters. It's that the appreciation on a building (or any investment) isn't taxed until it is sold. Right now developers commonly put off the evil day even further by borrowing against the increased value of their properties instead of selling them. Under current law, that makes perfect sense. But the law needs to be changed. When someone refinances property for more than he originally paid for it, it's clear beyond a doubt that the property has gone up in value. In that circumstance, the tax rules ought to treat refinancing as a taxable realization of the increased value, and tax should be paid on the gain.

The final step Congress needs to take involves information. Certainly real estate developers aren't the only superrich who are paying little or no taxes. The Treasury Department and the congressional tax-writing committees should direct their technical staff to analyze the federal tax returns of all the members of the Forbes 400. Names can't be revealed—that's rightly illegal under the privacy laws. But there should be a report issued every year disclosing how much income tax those on the Forbes list or some similar compilation of the superrich paid last year, and what changes are needed to make sure they pay a fair share.

In the Tax Reform Act of 1986, Congress has done its job in making sure the Fortune 500 pay their taxes. Now it's time to take on the Forbes 400, too.

The power of positive campaigning.

COOL HAND DUKE

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

MICHAEL DUKAKIS'S message to the Democratic Party is neither epic nor apocalyptic. He is not promising, like Joe Biden, to restore John F. Kennedy's spiritual days of glory or, like Richard Gephardt, to save the nation from impending economic serfdom to the Japanese and South Koreans. Dukakis tells audiences: I can win, I am competent, and I care.

Besides the message, Dukakis has money, brains, a talented staff, a successful record as governor of Massachusetts (though not quite as spectacularly successful as he claims), a confident television style, the attention and respect of the political press and professional politicians, and the ardent backing of his state and his fellow Greek-Americans, an esteemed ethnic group.

If his presidential campaign has flaws, they lie in his lack of charisma and in doubts that people in the rest of the country may have about Massachusetts liberalism. Mike Dukakis is no Ted Kennedy. He's not a big spender or a wastrel—but he's no crowd pleaser, either. His foreign policy is pure McGovern, but that's a problem for the general election, not the primaries. So the flaws may be self-canceling instead of fatal. The bottom-line question will be: Can an earnest technocrat sell Kennedy School liberalism in Texas?

Richard Gephardt and his campaign manager, Bill Carrick, are trying to make Massachusetts the main issue of the campaign right now. Even though there are seven candidates in the Democratic field (and maybe eight if Representative Pat Schroeder declares), Gephardt's aim is to make this into a two-man race at the outset. Dukakis is the chosen foil because the Gephardt people believe he won't fly in the South on Super Tuesday.

So Gephardt has declared Dukakis to be a "regional candidate," based on his opposition to an oil import fee

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(higher oil prices help Texas and hurt the Northeast) and on his opposition to protectionism. Gephardt's charge also plays into the resentment that Iowans feel for the prosperity of the "bicoastal" economy, and Gephardt adds to the effect by claiming that Massachusetts' economic "miracle" is heavily based on defense spending, especially Star Wars research, which is anathema in strongly pacifist and isolationist Iowa.

Before their August 8 debate in Iowa, Dukakis had not been very skillful in handling Gephardt's charges. He got huffy, accusing Gephardt of being personal and negative, as though candidates for president were never supposed to challenge one another. He also sounded sanctimonious, writing the other candidates a private letter assuring them that he (unlike Gephardt) did not intend to exclude them. He got defensive, assuring Iowans that only five percent of Massachusetts jobs are defense-related and that he thinks Star Wars is a waste of money. And very occasionally he jibed back that Gephardt might be the regional candidate for favoring oil fees, protectionism, and agricultural production quotas.

If he expects to get nominated and elected, Dukakis had better get used to rough-and-tumble politics. One thing Americans expect from their president is toughness under pressure. But Dukakis has tried to avoid the rough and tumble in Massachusetts (where his governing method is sometimes called "consenso-mania") and so far in the presidential campaign.

HIS BASIC MESSAGE is positive. In the I-can-win part, he reminds voters that though Democrats control a majority of the governorships, state legislatures, the House, and the Senate, they have lost four out of the last five presidential elections, and would have lost all five but for Watergate. And why? Because, he says, they lost the confidence of the country on economic issues. "The unique strength I bring to the campaign," he says, "is that I am a candidate who knows the economic issues and is committed to economic opportunity and good jobs at good wages for the people of this country. I am a full-employment Democrat."

In the I-am-competent part, he says, "I speak to you as somebody who is the governor of a state that 12 years ago was an economic and financial basket case with the second-highest unemployment rate in the nation, the biggest state deficit in the country. I'm the nation's expert on Republican deficits, let me tell you. And the fact that last month the unemployment rate in my state was 3.2 percent gives you some sense of just how much we can do if we have a president who . . ."

And then he proceeds to describe himself as he would like to be seen: as one who (1) "understands these economic issues," i.e., has a brain, is no note-card reader; (2) "is committed to economic opportunity," i.e., has a moral sense about people's welfare; (3) "is willing to build a partnership between Washington and the states and communities, business and labor and the educational community and good citizens everywhere," i.e., believes in the value of community endeavor; and (4) "understands that you have to invest some public resources in economic development . . . and you have to combine those resources with private initiative." That is, Dukakis is a government activist, but also a believer in private enterprise.

He spends time telling about his roots too: his father came to America penniless and unable to speak English, but seven years later was admitted to Harvard Medical School, later to become Boston's most prominent Greek-American obstetrician. His mother was the first Greek woman from Haverill, Massachusetts, ever to go to college. The subliminal message here is that he knows the value of hard work and America's promise of opportunity and probably has a high I.Q. That he does. He was Phi Beta Kappa at Swarthmore, cum laude at Harvard Law.

His Greek heritage is a boon in fund-raising and apparently no handicap at all in campaigning. Dukakis raised a record $4.2 million for the first quarter of the campaign, beating Biden by $1 million and Gephardt by $2 million. Fifteen percent of Dukakis's money came directly from Greek-Americans, but finance chairman Bob Farmer says that "Greeks are tremendous fund-raisers. They are usually successful and well-liked, so every one of them can get several friends to contribute." Dukakis says that he has never encountered any anti-Greek prejudice, and certainly none was ever directed toward Spiro Agnew, though it remains to be seen whether the whole country is ready for an ethnic president and a Jewish first lady.

Dukakis's demonstration of fund-raising prowess has helped his overall political credibility enormously. In Iowa and elsewhere, Democrats seem to be hungering for a winner. They are looking for ideological congeniality, as always, but also electability. One woman activist at a rally in Cedar Rapids said, for example, "I like Paul Simon a lot, but we can't sell him—the bow tie, the glasses. He looks old-line. We need somebody younger, maybe even a little slicker, even to get the older crowd." The rap in Iowa right now is that Gephardt and Bruce Babbitt are the best organized, but that Dukakis, who started late, is gaining fast. Biden, who started early enough, is doing nothing in the polls and is gaining the coffee shop reputation as a "big-mouth, not serious."

DUKAKIS'S Iowa rallies are well attended, even on steamy Saturdays, due partly to curiosity and partly to good organization. Iowa is crawling these days with young politicos, 25 to 35 years old, who are in charge of getting to know practically every potential caucus attendee in a congressional district and turning out a crowd when their candidate appears nearby. Dukakis has many of the best of them—some who took deep salary cuts from the state government of Massachusetts and others who transferred over when the Gary Hart campaign collapsed.

Besides his fund-raising record, Dukakis's ability to attract key former Hart aides, including political director Paul Tully at the national level and Theresa Vilmain in Iowa, is a major boost for his political credibility. So are

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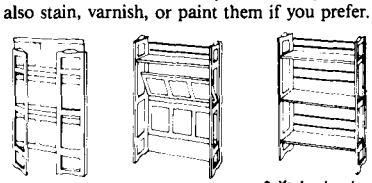

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poll ratings, which show him running just behind Jesse Jackson nationwide. And as political columnist Jack Germond puts it, "That Michael does have timing. Just when everybody's paying attention to morals on account of Gary Hart, he comes along, a straight arrow. And just when Ronald Reagan is making competency an issue, he's offering competency."

In Massachusetts, Dukakis is legendary for his unostentatious manner. He lives in his own home in Brookline (the state has no governor's mansion), rides the subway to work, takes out the family garbage, buys his clothes at Filene's, and grows vegetables in the front yard. He and his wife, Kitty, tell interviewers that they spat over money: she spends, he objects. During his first term as governor (1975-79), he had the reputation of being aloof, arrogant, and supercilious. He suffered a humiliating primary defeat at the hands of right-winger Ed King in 1978. Then he spent four years teaching at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard and learning how to listen to other people. Now, by all accounts, he knows. He beat King in a rematch in 1982 and was overwhelmingly re-elected last year.

Out on the stump, Dukakis makes the Massachusetts record the centerpiece of his appeal, and when he gets to the next phase of his campaign, says campaign manager John Sasso, he will spell out a program based on the idea of a "national partnership," which will be the Massachusetts approach rewritten to continental scale. The fundamental principle, according to Sasso, is that "everyone is included" in decision-making. Dukakis's style is not to prepare his own program and dramatically unveil it to the legislature and the public, but to get representatives of contending interests into a room and come up with a compromise, which he then blesses, promotes, and puts into action.

AS DUKAKIS advances, one of the big questions of the campaign will be: to what extent are his policies responsible for the Massachusetts economic miracle—or, in fact, has there been any miracle at all? Devotees of supply-side economics say that there has been a miracle, but that Dukakis deserves no credit. They say the state's real heroes are the people who pushed through Proposition 2 ½, the 1980 property tax referendum, and Ed King, who presided over its implementation. Columnist Warren Brookes notes that Dukakis raised taxes during his first term, leading to his state's national reputation as "Taxachusetts." When 2 ½ was enacted (against Dukakis's urging), cutting property taxes in half, it set off a property value, real estate, and construction boom that caused a surge in employment and personal income that Dukakis is thriving on today. It's thanks to Ed King, say the supply-siders, that Dukakis is able to expand programs, cut taxes, and win elections.

This line of argument makes Dukakis angry. "The Massachusetts turnaround began in 1976," he says, "not after Proposition 2 ½ and not after the Reagan [military] build-up. We added 250,000 jobs between 1976 and 1979, including 110,000 in 1978 alone. Unemployment dropped below the national average for the first time. It was 12 percent in 1975 and 5.5 in the fall of 1978. When I got back as governor in 1983, unemployment was back up and in some towns it was 15, 18, 20 percent and I had another deficit to contend with. So the notion that the Massachusetts economy was transformed as a result of what happened in the early 1980s is preposterous. But we got it back on track, we dealt with the new deficit, and we've created 350,000 new jobs in the last four-and-a-half years."

SO WHO'S RIGHT? According to two Cambridge academics, Ronald Ferguson of Harvard and David Birch of MIT, neither side is, exactly. Birch told the *National Journal* that in Massachusetts "the economic miracle per se wasn't exactly a miracle. Relative to our situation in 1974-75, it was quite nice, but our employment growth rate for any period you want to pick has been right about the national average." From 1975 through 1985, he said, employment in Massachusetts grew by 29 percent, in New England by 31 percent, and in the United States by 27 percent. And from 1982 to the present, the growth has been 12.2 for Massachusetts, 13.1 for New England, and 11.9 for the nation. "So we are consistently a point or two below the New England average and a point or two above the national average."

Ferguson is the co-author of a 1986 study that concluded: "Neither the scope nor the timing of recent policy initiatives in Massachusetts supports the view that they were an important catalyst in the remarkable economic turnaround of the past decade." In an interview, he said that "a wave was coming. State policy determined where the water flowed. The wave itself was the result of broad national trends in the national and international economy, a strong demand for the goods and services that Massachusetts had a comparative advantage in providing, including business services, health services, and high-tech manufacturing." Massachusetts had an advantage, Birch said, because of its universities, "thoughtware" industries, hospitals, and financial institutions.

Both Birch and Ferguson say that Massachusetts' spectacular-sounding unemployment rate is not due primarily to Dukakis initiatives, but to the fact that the economy is growing while the state's population and labor force are falling. Ferguson can't find any direct correlation between Proposition 2 ½ and economic growth, but he said that "2 ½ was part of a change in the attitude of the business community toward Massachusetts." Dukakis also has helped change the business climate of the state, he said. "In his first term, he was snotty and aloof toward business," but in his second term this changed.

Even though their remarks tend to deflate some of Dukakis's claims, both analysts are avid supporters. "He's done as much as he could have done to allow growth to happen and to channel it," said Ferguson."The growth could have gridlocked around Route 128 if the infrastructure hadn't been built to spill it down to Southeast Massachusetts. It might have left the state. There's a labor shortage here, and his E.T. [welfare reform] program has given people training for jobs." Birch added, "When any workers receive a pink

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slip, Mike has the state government meeting them at the plant door—I mean, literally—and saying to them, 'We know where there are jobs or training.' "

What Dukakis has done in Massachusetts, he says he plans to do in the country if he gets elected: combine deficit-reduction with government activism for economic development. The latter includes $500 million in federal seed money for regional development, and perhaps a few billion more than Democrats in Congress are currently budgeting for low-income housing, education, mass transit, and day care and job-training for welfare recipients. On the campaign trail Dukakis says, "I am a liberal and a progressive. I believe in putting public resources to work to achieve important public ends. But I also know how to balance budgets. I've balanced nine of them. I'm someone who knows how to make hard choices. I item-vetoed $88 million in programs this year, many of them things I'm for." During his first term, he aroused the ire of liberals by cutting welfare in a budget crunch, and one Democratic policy analyst who looked at the Dukakis agenda pronounced it "liberalism on the cheap." Anyone who has tried to drive near Boston knows that Dukakis has not overspent on highway construction.

DUKAKIS DOES NOT rule out tax increases to lower the budget deficit, but he intends first to adopt another Massachusetts idea—increased tax enforcement—to raise money. Several studies indicate that Americans fail to pay more than $100 billion in taxes each year, and that bringing the number of tax audits back to pre-Reagan levels could bring in as much as $44 billion a year. Under a plan he has worked out in collaboration with former IRS Commissioner Sheldon Cohen, Dukakis figures on raising $18 billion the first year through an amnesty, audits, and better service by the IRS. If the budget deficit is closed, he says, interest rates will fall and the economy will boom again.

This is not big-spender domestic policy, so it might attract support in the South even during a general election campaign. In the primaries Dukakis has enough money to open headquarters there and hire field workers. In Texas his ability to speak Spanish already gives him the capacity to turn out and turn on crowds. On other domestic issues he is a mixed picture: he is pro-choice on abortion and favors government funding, but he has made gays angry by refusing to allow homosexuals to be foster parents. He is tough on crime and drunk driving, but opposes the death penalty. He opposed school busing, but still has good relations with Boston's civil rights leadership. He opposes Robert Bork for the Supreme Court.

Still, Dukakis has other problems. As political analyst William Schneider puts it, Dukakis is in danger of being cast as the "Northern, urban, Establishment liberal," while Gephardt ("ironically, the ultimate Washington insider") makes himself into the "populist insurgent." Gephardt is doing that by taking a trade position that puts him in conflict with the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other pillars of enlightened opinion. "Mike is the archetype of the upper-middle-class yuppie liberal," says Schneider. "He's from Brookline, the bastion of good government high-mindedness. If he got elected, the Kennedy School of Government would be running the country."

DUKAKIS'S other big problem is in foreign policy. He claims, "I am not an isolationist, I'm an interventionist." His advisers tend to be moderates from Harvard and Georgetown, and they say he is a tough bargainer. But on every issue from arms control to the Persian Gulf, his positions are four-square with those of Ted Kennedy, John Kerry, Edward Markey, Gary Studds, and the rest of the Massachusetts congressional delegation—which is to say, on the left end of the Democratic Party.

In the early 1980s Dukakis was a strong supporter of the nuclear freeze. Now he wants to slash Star Wars research, extend the ABM Treaty, and perhaps cancel both the Midgetman missile (as too expensive) and the D-5 submarine missile (as too accurate, a "first-strike weapon," and therefore provocative).

He was one of the first governors to refuse to let his National Guard troops train in Honduras. He declares that U.S. support for the *contras* is illegal under the Rio Treaty and the OAS Charter, and asks: "Where do we get the right to overthrow governments that we don't agree with?" He says he would push for a Contadora-style peace settlement in Central America, would use inter-American aid as a carrot and stick to ensure Nicaraguan good behavior, and would try above all to fight poverty in the Americas, starting with Mexico.

He is opposed to reflagging Kuwaiti vessels in the Persian Gulf, preferring U.S. diplomatic efforts to get major countries to stop arming Iran and Iraq and end the war, or if necessary a U.N. peacekeeping force to patrol the Gulf. He has doubts about whether the invasion of Grenada and the bombing raid on Libya were truly justifiable, and he thinks that "what happened in Korea and the Philippines is the inevitable result of American support for dictators, generals, and juntas." He does give strong support for Israel, but that's an exception to the general pattern.

All of this is just what primary-state Democratic activists want to hear, and, except for Senator Albert Gore on the Gulf and arms control, all of the Democratic candidates are giving it to them in similar measure. The trouble will come in the general election, when Republicans will point out that if there had been a nuclear freeze, the Soviets would have kept 350 SS-20 missiles in Europe and President Reagan would have been unable to bargain them to zero. The Republicans are likely to label Dukakis or any Democrat as a unilateral disarmer, and they are likely to ridicule the idea that U.N. resolutions and inter-American aid are adequate to deal with terrorists and Communists.

Bill Schneider points out that Dukakis, coming from Massachusetts, "has no idea what a real Republican is like. His idea of a Republican is Elliott Richardson. As the nominee, he is going to get battered around." Actually, Dukakis might do all right against George Bush, but Bob Dole is tough. □

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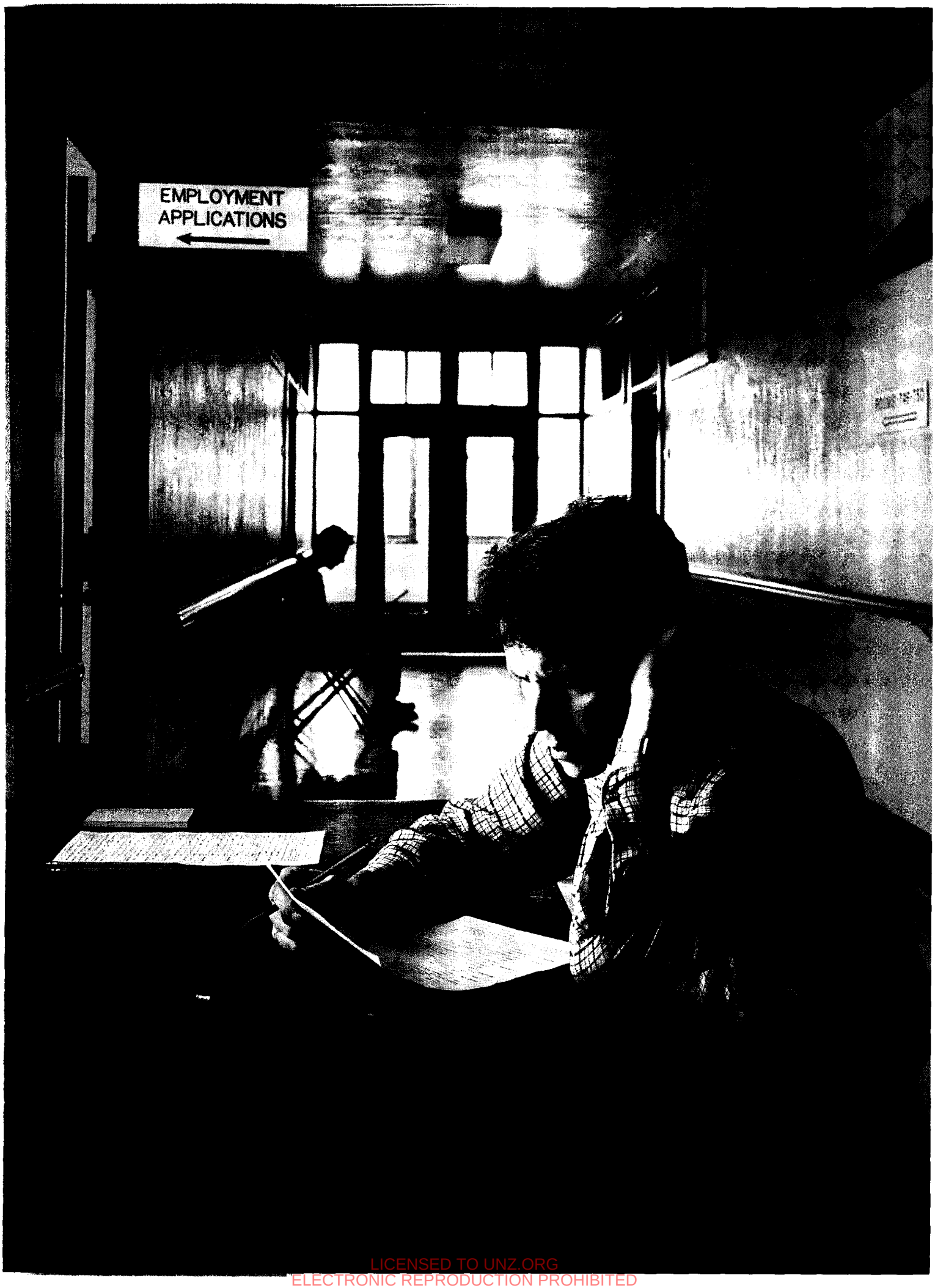

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Those were the days.

IRAN-'CONTRA' NOSTALGIA QUIZ

BY PAUL SLANSKY

1. What was President Reagan's code name in the arms-for-hostages deal? a) "Potted Plant"; b) "Joshua"; c) Waving Idiot"; d) "Keister."

2. Which Oliver North quote was uttered during his sixth day of testimony? a) "I'm not trying to be flippant"; b) "I think it was a neat idea"; c) "If the commander in chief tells this lieutenant colonel to go stand in the corner and sit on his head, I will do so"; d) "The second slide is a photograph of Andrei Gromyko."

3. Who performed a brief Jimmy Durante impersonation for the committee? a) Richard Beckler; b) Brendan Sullivan; c) George Shultz; d) Ellen Garwood.

4. What regret did John Poindexter express? a) He shouldn't have made President Reagan think Iraq was beating Iran; b) He shouldn't have destroyed the finding signed by President Reagan; c) He shouldn't have resigned as soon as he did; d) He shouldn't have dabbed at his mouth with his napkin quite so prissily when Donald Regan confronted him about the diversion.

5. Which anchorperson reported having overheard several committee members speculating about whether William Casey was really dead? a) Dan Rather; b) Peter Jennings; c) Judy Woodruff; d) Tom Brokaw.

6. True or False? After eight months of President Reagan saying that he couldn't wait to find out what happened, White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater said the president was too busy to watch Oliver North's testimony.

7. Who is William F. Weld? a) The clerk at Park Lane Hosiery who sold Oliver North leotards for his two little girls; b) one of the protesters who held up the "ASK ABOUT COCAINE SMUGGLING" sign; c) the Justice Department official who suggested to Ed Meese that maybe the criminal division should be involved in the Iran-*contra* investigation; d) the attendant at the bathroom where Oliver North conferred with Manucher Ghorbanifar.

8. Three of these events provoked Secretary of State George Shultz to submit his resignation. Which one did not? a) A White House aide denied him the use of a plane; b) His colleagues were hostile to him because of his anti-lie detector stance; c) Robert McFarlane was sent on a Middle East mission without Shultz's knowledge; d) President Reagan traded arms for hostages despite Shultz's strong and repeated objections.

Paul Slansky pledges generous contributions to the campaigns of whoever runs against Orrin Hatch, Henry Hyde, and Michael DeWine in 1988.

9. Which committee member rarely showed up for the hearings, and ate doughnuts when he did? a) Rep. Les Aspin; b) Sen. David Boren; c) Sen. Paul Trible; d) Rep. Dante Fascell.

10. Which witness frequently referred to himself in the third person? a) Lewis Tambs; b) Oliver North; c) Stanley Sporkin; d) Felix Rodriguez.

Who did what?

11. Richard Secord	a) Stood at attention while talking on the phone to President Reagan.
12. Sen. Howell Heflin	b) Leaked the story about Fawn Hall smuggling documents out of the White House in her underwear.
13. Donald Regan	c) Couldn't resist calling a donation to the *contras* a "contrabution."
14. Sen. Paul Sarbanes	d) Was described by Murray Kempton as "so transparent a rascal that you could not conceive of a small baby who would not howl with fear and repulsion at the sight of him."
15. Oliver North	e) Said "a junta" had effected "a coup" in the White House.
16. Albert Hakim	f) Erroneously claimed that Ronald Reagan had once been nominated for an Academy Award.

17. Complete Adolfo Calero's statement: "I developed an affection for Mr. Casey. I used to refer to him as _____." a) Wild Bill; b) Uncle Bill; c) Mushmouth; d) Mr. Casey.

18. Which code names were used by Oliver North? a) "Mr. Kenilworth," "Dick Copp," and "T.C."; b) "Sparkplug," "Terry Sleese," and "Ibrahim Ibrahim"; c) "Mr. Goode," "Steelhammer," and "B.G."; d) "This Kid," "Fall Guy," and "Old Buffoon."

19. True or false? John Poindexter and Ed Meese met with President Reagan to determine whether or not he'd approved the arms shipments to Iran, but neither of them thought there was any point in asking him directly.

20. Who is Bretton G. Sciaroni? a) The man Betsy North met in Philadelphia in connection with the Belly Button account; b) the CIA operative who quoted Oliver North as

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saying of the president, "The old man loves my ass"; c) the lawyer who was hired as counsel to the president's Intelligence Oversight Committee after passing the bar exam on his fifth try; d) the cabdriver who took Robert Owen to the Chinese market in Manhattan where he received a wad of 95 $100 bills from a man who pulled it out of his pant leg after Owen said, "Mooey sent me."

21. What did Sen. Orrin Hatch say gave him "feelings of being let down"? a) The phony letters Oliver North sent to Glenn Robinette; b) Fawn Hall's statement about the occasional necessity to "go above the written law"; c) John Poindexter's memory failing him 184 times in five days of testimony; d) Ed Meese's memory failing him 187 times in two days of testimony.

22. Who told Oliver North, "I don't want you prosecuted. I don't. . . . And I think there's going to be one lot of hell raised if you are"? a) Rep. Henry Hyde; b) Rep. William Broomfield; c) Rep. Richard Cheney; d) Sen. Orrin Hatch.

23. Who said that Poindexter's withholding of information "sort of confused the presidential mind as to what he could say and what he couldn't say, and what he should say and what he shouldn't say"? a) Donald Regan; b) Caspar Weinberger; c) George Shultz; d) George Bush.

24. What was the code name for the hostages? a) "Apples"; b) "Bananas"; c) "Oranges"; d) "Zebras."

25. Who is William B. O'Boyle? a) The *contra* donor who didn't give enough money to get a personal thank you from President Reagan; b) the witness who heard John Singlaub use the phrase "we United Statesians"; c) the guard on duty at the White House the night Oliver North took the Iranians on their tour; d) the hair stylist for the committee's lawyers.

26. Who concluded his testimony by reading a sappy ode to Oliver North? a) Gaston Sigur; b) Joseph Coors; c) Robert Owen; d) Albert Hakim.

27. Three of these statements apply to Sen. George Mitchell. Which one applies to Sen. James McClure? a) He told Oliver North, "In America, disagreement with the policies of the government is not evidence of lack of patriotism"; b) He pointed out to George Shultz that the president seemed to have kept information from him; c) He termed Ed Meese's explanation of his failure to take notes while questioning Poindexter "very hard to accept"; d) He talked about diarrhea in his closing statement.

28. True or false? Robert McFarlane said he didn't protest the policy more forcefully because if he had, "Bill Casey, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Cap Weinberger would have said I was some kind of commie."

Who said what?

29. Sen. Warren Rudman — a) "I feel like I'd like to wring somebody's neck."

30. Elliott Abrams — b) "How many times . . . do we put up with this rug merchant type of stuff?"

31. Donald Regan — c) "The buck stops here with me."

32. George Shultz — d) "I never said I had no idea about most of the things you said I said I had no idea about."

33. John Poindexter — e) "It wasn't the KGB that was coming, Miss Hall. It was the FBI."

34. John Poindexter's mother — f) "He was never a little boy. He was born an old man."

35. "This was a rather sordid chapter in our history. . . . I just hope that it will not happen again. But I suppose it will." Who said it? a) Rep. Edward Boland; b) Sen. William Cohen; c) Sen. Daniel Inouye; d) Rep. Lee Hamilton.

36. Who said to John Poindexter, "This was an enormously important meeting with you and Director Casey, and yet you seem to not recall anything about it except that you had sandwiches"? a) Rep. Louis Stokes; b) Rep. Ed Jenkins; c) Rep. Thomas Foley; d) Sen. Sam Nunn.

37. "What did [Colonel North] tell you about a shredding party?" "Well, just that there had to be one." Who took part in this exchange? a) Peter Rodino and Robert Dutton; b) John Nields and Charles Cooper; c) Arthur Liman and Robert McFarlane; d) George Mitchell and Ed Meese.

38. How did Rep. Jack Brooks distinguish himself at the hearings? a) He asked Oliver North what made him think an $8,000 security fence would protect his family against Abu Nidal; b) He said Elliott Abrams was a "lying son-of-a-bitch"; c) He forgot to cover his microphone and was overheard commenting to an aide about what kinds of monkeys Reps. Bill McCollum and James Courter resembled; d) He told an interviewer during a recess that Rep. Michael DeWine "reminds me of every whiny little wimp I went to school with."

39. What did President Reagan do while the hearings were in progress? a) He conducted face-to-face meetings with world leaders in which he read from his index cards, and he continued to contradict himself regularly regarding his knowledge of the Iran-*contra* affair; b) He traveled around the country making mindless macho boasts about how fast he'd veto a tax increase and posing with cretinous oversized budget-cutting props; c) He called Clark Clifford "Clark Gifford," forgot the term "U.N. Security Council," referred to the ill-fated *USS Stark* as "the plane," and pronounced the word "paradigm" "paradijum"; d) All of the above.

40. What did the "freedom fighters" do as soon as Oliver North's six-day TV commercial for *contra* aid was over? a) They announced plans to name a street after North—and a plaza after William Casey—as soon as they win their war; b) They seized an enormous cache of Sandinista weapons; c) They shot down five Sandinista helicopters; d) They killed three children and a pregnant woman.

Answers

1) b; 2) d; 3) c; 4) c; 5) a; 6) True; 7) c; 8) d; 9) a; 10) b; 11) c; 12) b; 13) f; 14) e; 15) a; 16) d; 17) b; 18) c; 19) True; 20) c; 21) a; 22) d; 23) a; 24) d; 25) a; 26) c; 27) d; 28) True; 29) e; 30) d; 31) b; 32) a; 33) c; 34) f; 35) c; 36) d; 37) c; 38) b; 39) d; 40) d.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Better Late

At last the screenplay of *8 ½* has been published in English. Fellini's film (1963), a comedy-drama of middle-age crisis in the creative life of a film director, has become one of the most widely loved and admired works in post-World War II cinema. Not only film students have long wanted this book to exist: I've often been asked about it by others. In the film-book boom of the '60s and '70s, when screenplays of widely disparate worth poured out, *8 ½* was missing. Its publication had been promised, then postponed—for legal reasons, apparently. Whatever the difficulties, they have now been overcome. Rutgers University Press has been doing a good series called "Rutgers Films in Print": *8 ½* is the eighth.

8 ½
Federico Fellini, director
edited by Charles Affron
(Rutgers University Press,
288 pp., $28, $12 paper)

Stakeout
(Touchstone)

The editor is Charles Affron, who also did the translation, though it takes some sleuthing to find out the latter. For some reason the title page names him only as editor; a footnote on page 5 tells us: "Unless otherwise indicated, all translations from Italian and French are mine." This reticence is puzzling, especially since the translation—by which I mean the quality of English—is lively. I showed *8 ½* in a film course last spring, and I remember the subtitles well enough to see how much more limber and helpful Affron's translation is. Of course one can't expect subtitles to render dialogue completely, but they ought at least to be accurate as far as they go. The *8 ½* subtitles, for just one instance, confuse "pesche" (peaches) with "pesce" (fish).

Reading the screenplay—by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Brunello Rondi—makes clear that it is simultaneously blueprint and result. Affron's editorial material shows that the picture couldn't have been begun without a fairly detailed map and shows also that the result diverged from that map. He made his translation from the continuity script, "based upon the print distributed in the United States," shot by shot, line by line. He compares this script with the shooting script—the screenplay with which the production went into gear—to indicate what was added or omitted or changed while Fellini and colleagues were at work on location or in the studio.

Filmmaking, in some hands, is an existential act, a resolution of values in the heat of experience. I once saw Fellini at eight in the morning on the set of *Juliet of the Spirits*, pounding away at a portable typewriter on a crate while dozens of electricians and others scurried around him getting things ready. He was rewriting that day's material, he told me later, so that it would benefit from his work on the film up to that point—what he had learned about the story, the characters, the actors, the cinematographer's concerns. The script Affron has translated is really a record of the encounter between the prepared screenplay and all the forces involved in the filming under Fellini's hand and eye.

A few cavils about Affron's additional material. I'm not sure that the three-page chronology of the order in which scenes were shot is necessary, and I don't see how it helps critically to include three pages of snippets from Italian and French reviews. Sometimes Affron's footnotes confuse us about the reader he has in mind. To his thoughtful introduction he appends a note telling us that Daumier was a caricaturist; his notes to a letter of Fellini's tell us that *The Tempest* is by Shakespeare and that Botticelli was an Italian painter.

But Affron's book is most welcome. Among other benefits, it corrects a false assumption of some importance. I and others had thought, even after many viewings, that the woman who tucks the boy Guido into bed in the farmhouse flashback is his mother. Nothing is given the English-language audience to make it think otherwise; and the fact that she doesn't much resemble the aged mother of the 43-year-old Guido doesn't necessarily jar. But the screenplay tells us that the earlier woman is a nanny, which substantially alters, though it doesn't lessen, her significance in Guido's memory. Also I hadn't know that Fellini's first choice for the leading role was Laurence Olivier, who apparently declined. It's hardly a slap at Olivier to think that his decision was lucky for all of us. Mastroianni's performance grows richer every time around—and he didn't need to be dubbed into Italian.

The 20 pages of photographs reminded me of a remark that Fellini made at the end of my day with him. "Why don't you go and see the genius who makes my films possible?" This was Piero Gherardi, who designed the settings and costumes. (Gherardi was out of town; by the time I got back to Rome a few years later, he was dead.) Gherardi's work is

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Jean de Florette. Enjoyably old-fashioned chronicle of Provençal farm life early in the century. Yves Montand excellent as shrewd peasant, Gérard Depardieu forceful as doomed newcomer to farming. (Reviewed 7/6/87)

Rita, Sue and Bob Too. Two teenage girls and a married man cavort in the middle of contemporary English poverty. Fierce fun and energy, though story and setting don't quite connect. (8/10&17/87)

The Whistle Blower. The tentacles of British secret services entangle civilians. Good atmosphere, quietly strong acting by Michael Caine. Script is flavorful, even if it comes a bit untied. (8/10&17/87)

Wish You Were Here. England again. A seaside town, 1951. A high-spirited English girl gets herself in various kinds of trouble but doesn't care. A pat ending, yet Emily Lloyd's breezy performance triumphs. (8/3/87)

SK

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perfection: we feel that these are the designs that Fellini would have made if he could. Fellini might just as easily have mentioned Nino Rota, the composer, whose music, we feel, Fellini would have written if he could.

8 ½ remains the film world's furthest exploration of a mode opened in the 20th century by Pirandello: performance as truth. I tackled this aspect in a reconsideration of the film I wrote in 1976, and cited the Father's line to the Theater Manager in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*: "That which is a game of art for you is our sole reality." (A further hint that Pirandello was on Fellini's mind is the name of the producer in *8 ½*—Pace—which is the same as that of the milliner in *Six Characters*. The milliner runs a shop where assignations take place, and this may be Fellini's wry view of a producer's function.) *8 ½* uses four types of consciousness—present awareness, memory, dream, and daydream—to dramatize, often comically, the desperation of a drained artist who survives by using his talent itself, and the life behind it, as his subject. The game of art becomes his sole reality. Affron's work helps us to see this wonderful film more fully.

Stakeout is a comedy-drama, too. Set in Seattle, it's based on the idea that a detective assigned to watch a young female suspect—he's in an apartment across the street from her home—falls in love with her. Complications follow not only from his dereliction of duty but from the fact that her ex-lover, a killer, has escaped from prison and is on his way back to her. The comic and dramatic possibilities in Jim Kouf's script are thoroughly mined, in both the delving and the Persian Gulf senses; the result has some chuckles and some chills. John Badham directed quite adequately. As the detective, Richard Dreyfuss gives another of his feisty fortyish performances—his *Tin Men* job with much more violent stuff added. As the suspect, in what is really a stooge role obedient to what the script requires from moment to moment, Madeleine Stowe is sexily tender. Aidan Quinn, as the killer con, is the memorable one: Byronically handsome, studiously homicidal, smilingly insane, fire and ice.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Three Years After '1984'

The New York stage, normally a pretty cold and unfriendly platform, is beginning to show a degree of hospitality toward theater from other venues, and this has added a touch of variety to its traditionally monochromatic mix of musicals, comedies, and British imports. The preferred season for these visitations is the summer, when, business being slow anyway, even the most arcane offerings can be marketed under the rubric of a "festival."

The "festival" known as PepsiCo Summerfare in Purchase this year has concerned itself largely with opera and dance, most of its pieces (perhaps in order to inspirit our AIDS-demoralized sexuality) based on the Don Juan motif. At Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center, the festival concept revolves around "Serious Fun!"—a variety of avant-garde actors, dancers, mimes, and performance artists, mostly in one-person shows, entertaining uptown audiences with some of the turns and techniques evolved in the lofts of SoHo and San Francisco. Among other benefits, this has given us critics the opportunity to reflag old arguments about whether or not experimental theater is being assimilated (and weakened) by the Establishment.

The Joyce Theater in downtown New York is running another form of festival this summer, and for the third consecutive year. Calling itself the "American Theater Exchange," the Joyce management has invited four non-profit theater companies to the city for three-week runs, the laudable purpose being to expose New Yorkers to some of the productions being created in other parts of the country. Like the resident theater movement itself in recent times, most of the companies have been hugging the middle of the road with rather unadventurous play selections—a *Nicholas Nickleby*-inspired Dickens adaptation from the Berkeley Repertory Theater, a domestic drama from the Long Wharf—though these choices may have been dictated by the Joyce's small budget and limited playing space. Still, this is a worthy way of expanding New York theatrical horizons, and, because the visit is restricted to a brief summer period when the resident theater is dark, a far less damaging method of showcasing out-of-town work than moving non-profit productions to Broadway for open-ended commercial runs.

The most interesting offering to appear at the American Theater Exchange is *1984*, Pavel Kohout's adaptation of George Orwell's novel, as produced by the Wilma Theater of Philadelphia under the direction of Jiri Zizka. Zizka and his wife, Blanche (the theater's artistic/producing editor), are both Czech, which explains the Kohout connection. It also explains the theater's interest in political plays of an anti-totalitarian nature. (Orwell's *Animal Farm* was also on the Wilma's schedule in a recent season.) You'd think by this time we'd have had enough of *1984*. Aside from stage adaptations, there have been at least two movie versions, the most recent starring Richard Burton, not to mention the republication and reassessment of the novel in its eponymous year. Still, the material retains its power to shock and illuminate, and the Wilma company, despite some weaknesses in its acting, has managed to open up access to some of its darker corners in a fresh, invigorating manner.

In 1987, be it noted, *1984* is no longer a work of terrifying prophetic power so much as an expression of hindsight. It's curious to realize that we are now three years past that celebrated dystopian date. Some of Orwell's prognostications about tyranny (the prohibition on sexual activity, for example) have not materialized. Others (like the way the ordinary citizen would be manipulated by language and the media) have been realized in ways more subtle than Orwell imagined. Orwell's vision of three mighty supernations locked in an endless war involving unacknowledged changes in alliances is probably a reflection of the period after World War II when the cold war immediately followed five years of American-Soviet friendship featuring a kindly Stalin known as "Uncle Joe." But it is equally relevant to a time when interdicted Red China becomes a tourist stop, and the Reagan administration makes secret overtures to Iran. The only thing Orwell failed to foresee was that the collective memory could be effaced and deadened without official use of drugs.

Zizka is correct to note, in his program

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commentary, that Orwell's novel is a warning against all bureaucratic governments, and not simply a monolithic assault on Stalinism. The climax of *1984* was undoubtedly inspired by the Moscow show trials, using "Room 101" as a metaphorical explanation for the otherwise inexplicable series of confessions extracted from hundreds of innocent people. Similarly, the concept of the "memory hole" is a brilliant way of suggesting how history is rewritten by totalitarian governments—how, for example, Trotsky (Emmanuel Goldstein in the book), like all who opposed Big Brother Stalin, could be transformed into an "unperson." But Orwell saw clearly—as did Hannah Arendt—that the greatest menace of totalitarianism is its contagiousness. It is capable of infecting not only the societies it controls, but even those dedicated to resisting it. *1984* takes place not in Russia or China, but in an English-speaking country called Oceania—presumably an imaginary compound of England and the United States. Noting that Orwell objected to the "U.S. Republican newspapers" that interpreted *1984* exclusively as an attack on tyrannies of the left, Zizka reminds us that one of the pretexts for suspending democratic procedures in mass societies is the obligation to undermine real or imagined enemies. Which brings us right up to Ollie North and Admiral Poindexter.

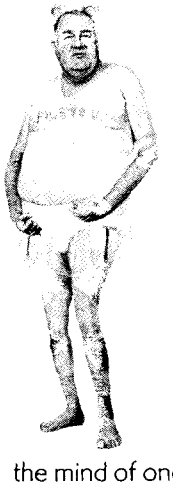
The Wilma production of *1984* is highly visual. The set is a pile of junk sculpture tinged with green light, and a center screen bombards us with images consisting of motion pictures and multiple projections. Zizka's Czech influences include not only playwrights, novelists, and directors, but also Joseph Swoboda, the great lighting designer whose *Lanterna Magika* was among the earliest manifestations of mixed media on stage. There are times when Zizka overworks these visual effects, and then he seems to be auditioning for a directing job at Orion Pictures. This is a shame because his stagecraft is firm. But with the screen appealing to our eyes more powerfully than do the actors on the stage, he often distracts attention from the continuity of the story.

But, after a rather sluggish first act, the action manages to force its way through. Surrounded by a chorus of robots, and two particularly malevolent Hitler Youth types who function as "spies," Winston Smith (played by John Shepard as a hangdog wimp with bent knees, tired back, and lowered eyes) is a humanist in an inhuman society. Smith's job in Oceania is to reduce Newspeak to 999 words—Hamlet's soliloquy, for example, will be rendered as "To be or to unbe; that is the unanswered"—for the Newspeak office is devoted to expunging all words that might allow Big Brother's subjects to escape control (a reflection of Orwell's lifelong belief that politicians gained power by mutilating language). Winston stubbornly polices his own small corner of freedom—partly by clinging to the conviction that two and two makes four. He also believes that in a man named O'Brien he has a highly placed ally. When he meets Julia, a woman with a lively sexual appetite, and rents a small room to make love to her, he has broken irreparably with the puritan system of Big Brother.

It is in the second act, after O'Brien has revealed he is the Minister of Love and has tricked Winston into exposing himself as a traitor, that the production gets into gear. The first act has been devoted to exposition, simulated bomb attacks, many (too many) nude love scenes, and low pressure acting. The second is essentially an extended torture scene, with Winston suspended on a rack, his agony reflected in mirrors. It is here, through the shocks that accompany Winston's interrogation, that some electricity begins to spill out into the audience as well. O'Brien administers these shocks with weary compassion (Evan Thompson plays the part like a younger Patrick Magee), lecturing Winston on the inevitable shape of the new society and the controlling image of the future—"a boot stamping on a human face—forever." Finally confronted in Room 101 with the worst thing in the world (different for every victim—for him, a ravenous rat eating at his face), Winston denounces Julia and is received back into the consoling arms of Big Brother, a sweet avuncular figure robed all in white.

Orwell's vision of the future is inexorably gloomy, and Zizka seems to share that vision sufficiently to make the last part of this production truly powerful. Using the sadomasochistic acting contortions of Grotowski, he bends Winston Smith into a question mark of pain, reawakening our gift of pleasure—just as Orwell reawakened our dormant love of freedom by imagining life without it. *1984*, on the page and on the stage, remains a beautifully articulated shriek of warning against what the author elsewhere called "the smelly little orthodoxies that are nowadays contending for our souls."

In Ori Hofmekler's world, the emperors have new clothes.



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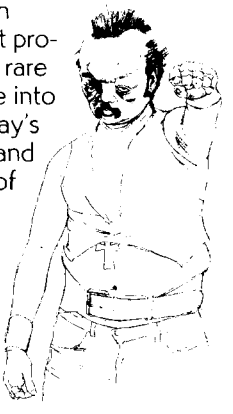

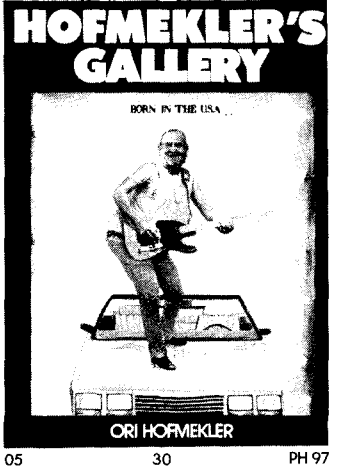

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James Burnham's ambiguous legacy to American conservatism.

APOCALYPSE NOW AND THEN

BY JOHN B. JUDIS

NOBODY WAS as important to the definition of modern American conservatism as James Burnham, a quiet, urbane man of encyclopedic powers who died in Kent, Connecticut, a few weeks ago at the age of 82. In a series of books published from 1947 to 1964, Burnham laid the foundations of conservative foreign policy. He provided not only a critique of the prevailing containment doctrine but also an alternative of his own: the "liberation" or "rollback" of the Soviet empire.

Burnham is a kind of cult hero for many conservatives. In 1983 Ronald Reagan awarded him the Medal of Freedom, the first conservative intellectual to be so honored. At *National Review*'s 25th anniversary celebration in 1980, William F. Buckley described Burnham, who was a senior editor and foreign policy columnist at the magazine from 1955 to 1978, as "the dominant intellectual influence in the development of this journal." Patrick Buchanan dutifully reread *The Suicide of the West* (1964) the summer before joining the White House as communications director in 1985. Daniel Oliver, the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, keeps a framed set of Burnham's sayings near his desk. Former Ambassador Evan Galbraith has said of Burnham that "his *Suicide of the West* was the piece of work that said it all."

But Burnham's legacy is more ambiguous than many of his followers care to admit. His strategy was based on apocalyptic and highly abstract assumptions about the Soviet Union and the clash between East and West, but his tactical advice was almost unfailingly based on concrete and realistic assessments of the American and world situation. Burnham's political sensibility also differed from that of many of his disciples. Except during the last months of his life, when he rejoined the Catholic Church, Burnham was not a religious man. He had a cynical view of society. Although he moralized against the Soviet Union, he viewed both national and international conflict entirely as a struggle for power. Power, rather than good and evil, was Burnham's absolute. He framed his proposals for an American offensive not in terms of a Wilsonian quest for global democracy, but in terms of American national interest.

The key to understanding Burnham is his evolution from Trotskyism to conservatism. Unlike some former communists, Burnham did not move quickly from left to right. He spent more than a decade trying to sort out the assumptions he had acquired during his years on the left. The two books that he wrote while in transition—*The Managerial Revolution* and *The Machiavellians*—are his best. And the political position that Burnham finally adopted bore very important traces of, and scars from, his Trotskyist past.

I.

EVEN THOUGH he was several years their junior, Burnham is best grouped with Edmund Wilson, John Dos Passos, and the other intellectuals who came of age in the bohemian '20s rather than with those who matured in the more conformist Popular Front '30s. Burnham was an individualist: his first commitment was to ideas rather than to political movements; and he was willing to revise his ideas even if it meant threatening political loyalties. His model of worldly success was the artist rather than the political leader. Throughout his life he remained detached from the struggle for supremacy within the organizations and institutions in which he found himself. His most noted quality was his reserve. Yet he retained a curious intellectual fascination with social collectivity and political power.

Born in Chicago in 1905, the son of a railroad executive, Burnham was educated at Princeton, and then at Oxford, where he became a Marxist. In 1930 he was hired to teach in New York University's philosophy department. His colleague William Barrett remembers that he "bore the stamp of the gentleman in his bearing—so much so that in comparison with some of the more raucous types of the New York intellectual he appeared almost shy and diffident." But Burnham's calm and urbane exterior concealed an ardor for ideological disputation.

From the first, Burnham was drawn toward the more skeptical and critical politics of the Trotskyist movement, whose adherents believed in political organization but insisted on retaining their intellectual independence. It was a politics of total opposition, to both capitalist and (existing) socialist society. If American Communism's vice was lockstep sectarianism, Trotskyism's foible was schismatic individualism. In 1934 Burnham joined the Workers Party (later the Socialist Workers Party)—the group committed both to Trotsky's belief that Stalin had betrayed the ideals of the 1917 revolution and to support of the Soviet Union against capitalist encirclement. After the Soviet-Nazi non-aggression pact in 1939 and the Soviet invasion of Finland in 1940, Burnham decided that the Soviet Union was no better than its capitalist adversaries. He resigned from the Workers Party in May 1940. Over the next five years, Burnham's reflections on the nature and the possibility of socialism propelled him from left to right, from the idealism of his Trotskyist days to the cynical realism that underlay his conservatism.

In *The Managerial Revolution* (1941) and *The Machiavellians* (1943), Burnham described a world divided between managerial and capitalist states. He saw the Soviet Union as neither capitalist nor socialist, but as evolving, along with the United States, Germany, and Japan, toward a new form of managerial society, characterized by state-bureaucratic rather than individual-capitalist control of the economy. He described Soviet socialism and internationalism as "ideologies" or "myths" whose "formal meaning" differed from their "real meaning." Burnham did not abandon Marxism, but he abandoned its precise view of the

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stages of history. Instead of socialism following capitalism, managerialism followed capitalism, and socialism became a distant goal: "The results of [the Soviet] experiment are evidence for the view that socialism is not possible of achievement or even of approximation in the present period of history."

The strength of *The Managerial Revolution* lay in its novel characterization of the Soviet Union as neither capitalist nor socialist. Its weakness was the inference that a worldwide managerial revolution was supplanting capitalism. Just as the Soviets had mistaken the Bolshevik revolution for a socialist revolution, Burnham mistook the displacement of laissez-faire by corporate capitalism for a revolution that was toppling capitalism itself. *The Managerial Revolution* also reflected a certain subservience to events: the book's theory of contemporary history arose directly from the Nazi-Soviet pact, which, to Burnham, appropriately united the managerial states of the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany against the bulwark of entrepreneurial capitalism, Great Britain. George Orwell, in a review of the book, attributed Burnham's overestimation of Nazi Germany and later of Soviet Russia to his "power worship." Indeed, Burnham tended to endow militaristic states such as Nazi Germany and Stalin's Russia with almost magical capacities.

Ironically, Burnham's allegiance to Trotskyism had kept this tendency in his thought under wraps. In the '30s Trotskyism demanded of its adherents a subtle balancing act between good and evil and between criticism and support. Once removed from the Trotskyist movement's organizational and intellectual grasp and thrown on his own, Burnham retained his critical individualism, but constantly fell prey to a contrary tendency to absolutize and exaggerate the terms of global conflict.

IN *The Machiavellians*, Burnham attempted to summarize the intellectual contribution of Machiavelli and his modern followers. In this abstract work, he broke more clearly with the fundamental political and historical tenets of Marxism, and the book's cynical realism reflected his final abandonment of any hope of a non-Stalinist socialist future. Burnham denied the Marxist (and liberal) notion that the quest for freedom or for social justice was relevant to politics. Politics, he contended in *The Machiavellians*, is based on "the struggle for social power in its diverse open and concealed forms." All societies, he maintained, are divided into classes of the ruling and the ruled, and the ruling class or elite perpetuates its dominance through "force and fraud." The fraud need not be conscious; it can consist of what Marx called "ideology," Georges Sorel called "myth," and Gaetano Mosca called the "political formula." The role of the ruling elite is to govern by means of religious myths or the utopian fantasies of Western democracy or Soviet socialism. Even though "a scientific attitude does not permit belief in the truth of myths . . . the leaders must profess, indeed foster, belief in the myths, or the fabric of society will crack, and they will be overthrown."

The role of the political scientist, on the other hand, is to discover "the laws of political life" by laying bare the relationship between political myth and the reality it is intended to sustain. The political scientist has to be guided by scientific realism rather than by utopian or Platonic idealism. Machiavelli, Burnham noted, was a republican who would have liked to rid Italy of princes and kings, but who didn't let his own political ideals blind him to the fact that only a prince could unify Italy.

In *The Machiavellians*, Burnham denied that socialism was possible. Following the modern Machiavellians, he insisted that there would always be a ruling class and a ruled. Revolutions consisted in "very rapid shifts in the composition and structure of elites," rather than in the total destruction of elite rule. Thus capitalism was being displaced by managerialism—the rule of economic and bureaucratic elites—rather than by Marx's or Trotsky's "utopian" concept of socialism. The relevant distinction was no longer between class and classless societies, but between different kinds of elite rule. Burnham distinguished a "democratic" form of elite rule from a "totalitarian" one by "the right of opponents of the governing elite to express publicly their opposition view and to organize to implement those views." And as a form of elite rule, socialism tended naturally toward totalitarianism.

The position Burnham took in *The Machiavellians* was uncomfortable, poised between the broken dreams of capitalism and socialism. Like Max Eastman and other newfound critics of Marxism, Burnham understood the looming contradiction between political freedom and the expansion of state economic power. But unlike Eastman, and right-wing Republicans, he was not drawn to a laissez-faire paradise lost. "It is in any case impossible," he wrote, "to return to private [entrepreneurial] capitalism."

His view of humanity was deeply cynical, conditioned by the ostensible failure of the Soviet experiment and by two world wars. He had adopted Marx's critique of politics in a class society but he had rejected Marx's classless solution. His political sociology lacked the recognition—central even to Marxism—that the growth of capitalism might be freeing human beings to engage in the kinds of activities once reserved for a privileged few.

But if Burnham was cynical, his critics tended to sound like the utopians he railed against. Orwell proffered democratic socialism as the alternative to Burnham's world ruled by "the lust for naked power." But neither Orwell nor other socialists of the '40s could explain how government ownership might be reconciled with the expansion, rather than the constriction, of political democracy. Orwell clung to the conviction that immediately after the war "the Russian regime will either democratize itself, or it will perish."

In some respects, Burnham's position in *The Machiavellians* was similar to the post-socialist liberalism that Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Reinhold Niebuhr developed after World War II. All three opted for imperfection over perfection. But Burnham was unwilling to stake America's future on Keynesian economics and Truman's foreign policy. *The Machiavellians* remained a transitional work, pointing toward the new anti-communist conservatism that Burnham would develop in the late '40s and early '50s.

II.

WHEN HE WROTE *The Machiavellians* in 1943, Burnham believed that the three most advanced managerial states, the United States, Germany, and Japan, would emerge from World War II as the new loci of world power. When the Soviet Union defeated Nazi Germany, he radically revised his own views. Burnham worked during the war in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the wartime intelligence service that later gave way to the CIA, where many believed that the principal postwar conflict would be between the United States and Great Britain over the disposition of the developing nations. Burnham was among the first to

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insist that the Soviet Union would emerge as the United States' principal adversary.

But having underestimated the Soviet Union, Burnham now endowed Stalin and the Soviet Union with a magical potency in the service of evil. In an essay entitled "Lenin's Heir," published in *Partisan Review* in 1946, he abandoned the last vestiges of the Trotskyist analysis of Stalin and the Soviet Union and insisted that Stalin was not a second-rate apparatchik, as Trotsky had charged, but a "great man," that Stalin, not Trotsky, was Lenin's political heir. Burnham became so enthusiastic in describing Stalin's successes as a ruthless dictator ("His liquidation of the various oppositions . . . is classically molded. The Moscow trials have stood the test of action") that Dwight Macdonald misread the essay as a "left-handed apology for Stalinism."

Burnham concluded that "Stalinism is communism." He insisted that Stalin, through "an act of creative political imagination," had replaced Marx and Lenin's "abstract internationalism" with a new "multinational Bolshevism" that allowed the different Communist parties to embrace rather than reject their own national heritages. But contrary to the scientific method he had described in *The Machiavellians*, Burnham rested his case on theoretical rather than historical grounds. If politics was the struggle for power, then international politics was the struggle for absolute power, or world domination. It thus made sense to Burnham, even without empirical evidence, that "Bolshevism (communism) . . . is a conspiratorial movement for the conquest of a monopoly of power in the era of capitalist disintegration." It made equal sense to posit a struggle to the death between the United States and the Soviet Union—which is precisely what Burnham did posit in his next book.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WORLD appeared in March 1947, in the very week that Truman announced his intention to contain communism in Greece. From this coincidence, some reviewers inferred that Burnham's book, the first part of which was an OSS study, was designed as a rationale for the administration's policy. But in its emphasis on "offensive" rather than "defensive" strategy, and in its apocalyptic view of the Soviet Union, it was the first statement of what Burnham later labelled the "liberation" or "rollback" doctrine.

In *The Struggle for the World*, Burnham announced that in April 1944, when Communist-led Greek sailors had revolted, "the Third World War had begun." The only alternative was for either the United States or the Soviet Union to establish a "universal empire" based on a monopoly of nuclear weapons. Burnham's strategic deliberations were founded on his view of Stalinism and communism not only as a doctrine, but as a historical fixed state incapable of internal alteration. He argued that in order to withstand the Soviet threat, the United States would have to establish a network of hegemonic alliances (similar to what later became NATO, SEATO, and so on) and colonial and neocolonial relationships. (He candidly acknowledged that such an American empire already existed in Latin America and the South Pacific.) To sustain the empire in the face of Soviet aggression, America would also have to maintain its monopoly of nuclear weapons, and be "willing to fight," presumably with those very weapons.

BURNHAM discussed both the possibility of nuclear war and the necessity of an American imperial presence with a frankness entirely missing from the talk of American policy-makers of the period, who were intent on selling America's postwar foreign policy as a renewal of Wilsonianism. But Burnham's book was also a deeply troubled, perhaps somewhat paranoid work, in which his earlier subtlety was abandoned for an apocalyptic—indeed a mythic—view of world politics.

His earlier understanding of the Soviet Union as a country neither socialist nor capitalist—as a curious hybrid that defied the current categorizations—broke important ground and might have been the basis for a more fruitful theory of contemporary history. In *The Struggle for the World*, however, he abandoned what was most valid in his managerial theory, and in the method of *The Machiavellians*. John Patrick Diggins, in his perceptive study *Up from Communism*, has remarked on the "curious discrepancy" in this period between "Burnham's professed political theory [in *The Machiavellians*] and his actual political behavior, between Machiavelli's sense of skepticism and moderation and Burnham's absolute certainty about the course of history."

The Struggle for the World was not a partisan work. But in 1953 Burnham published a book that was highly critical of the Truman administration's containment doctrine. In *Containment or Liberation?*, he criticized George Kennan (who had formulated the containment doctrine in his famous cable from Moscow in 1947) and other liberal Democratic architects of cold war foreign policy. And Burnham also expounded what became known to conservatives as the chief alternative to containment: the doctrine of liberation or rollback.

He charged that Kennan's and the Democrats' containment policy was a classic balance-of-power strategy, based on understanding the Soviet Union as an "extension of czarist imperialism." Burnham contended that the Soviet Union was "an entirely new revolutionary power" that had "irrevocably set itself the objective of monolithic world domination." It could not be contained like the typical "post-Renaissance nation-state":

> It is hard to see what it means to try to "contain" a universalistic militant secular religion, based on a vast land mass inhabited by 800 million humans, which irrevocably set itself the objective of monolithic world domination and which already exists and acts inside every nation in the world.

If the containment strategy was followed, Burnham warned, the United States was doomed. He expressed his fear in a fine metaphor of paranoia: "How could a man sleep secure if he lives in the path of a rock big enough to crush his house to bits, and poised to drop at the shove of a surly neighbor?"

Burnham called for an offensive strategy, aimed not merely at containing communism within its post-Yalta limits, but at overthrowing Soviet client governments in Eastern Europe. He recommended an "open policy of liberation toward the U.S.S.R. and its satellites and captive nations." And though he warned against encouraging "premature narrow uprisings," he insisted that we would have to be prepared for war:

> What if in a captive nation a broad mass uprising against the regime began? Or what if one of the communist governments, supported by the majority of the people, decided against Moscow? And, in either case, what if help were then asked from the free world? . . . Would not passivity under such circumstances be a final proof of the irreversibility of communist world victory?

Containment or Liberation? was one of Burnham's least convincing works. Much of the evidence he adduced was

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flatly disproved by events. (In arguing against containment, for instance, Burnham insisted that the Truman administration had failed to build a "situation of socioeconomic strength" in Western Europe.) Yet it exerted a great appeal among conservatives and extreme anti-communists looking for an authoritative and scientific study that could sustain their quasi-theological understanding of the cold war. *Containment or Liberation?*, along with Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*, quickly became a classic of modern conservative thought. And since the '50s, most conservative writing on foreign policy has simply been a gloss on its argument. But Burnham himself, though he adhered rhetorically to the strategy of *Containment or Liberation?*, would surprise his followers by appearing to depart from his own strategy in practice.

III.

IN THE LATE 1940s, when he was developing his liberation doctrine, Burnham described himself (under the influence of his friend André Malraux) as being neither on the right nor the left. But he belonged to liberal intellectual circles. He remained close to the anti-communist liberals on *Partisan Review* and in the American Congress for Cultural Freedom. After the war he became a consultant to the newly formed CIA, an institution identified with liberal anti-communism, where he served as a source of information and analysis for agents and helped to organize the International Congress for Cultural Freedom, of which the American Congress was a branch.

His books were denounced equally on the pro-Soviet left and the isolationist right. Working out of his Washington home, he maintained his detachment from the centers of power even as he served them. Howard Hunt, a fledgling CIA agent in the late '40s, recalled visiting Burnham:

> He was very quiet. He was professorial in the best sense of the word. He wore tweed jackets and British shoes and a nice foulard. I would pick up the *New York Times*, and I would say, "Do you have any idea of what is going on in Morocco?" That would be good for a minimum of a half hour because he knew the personalities involved. He had an encyclopedic acquaintanceship.

But in the early 1950s Burnham found himself at odds with his liberal colleagues over his refusal to repudiate Senator Joseph McCarthy. He was asked to resign from *Partisan Review*'s advisory board and was more or less forced out of the American Congress for Cultural Freedom. And according to Hunt, he was fired and even blacklisted by the CIA, probably because of his stand on McCarthy, whom CIA officials bitterly opposed.

Burnham's ostracism from the left and center coincided with the emergence of a new conservative movement. The older isolationist right expired with Robert Taft's defeat in 1952 in his run for the Republican presidential nomination. Republican conservatives of the new generation were largely internationalist in background; Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater and future *National Review* publisher William Rusher were both staunch Eisenhower backers in 1952. These new conservatives adopted Burnham, along with former communists and Trotskyists such as Chambers, Willi Schlamm, and Frank Meyer.

Burnham retired in 1953 to his home in Connecticut to write *The Web of Subversion*, a book that defended Congress's internal security investigations and advocated outlawing the American Communist Party. In the fall of 1954 William F. Buckley (whom Burnham had recruited for the CIA in 1951) invited Burnham to become an editor of a new right-wing weekly. When *National Review* appeared in November 1955, Burnham began writing a regular column called "World War III." He also served as a kind of mentor to Buckley, and after Schlamm resigned in August 1957, he became the second-in-command at the magazine, supervising the journal in Buckley's absence and writing many of the editorials. Burnham retired in 1979, after suffering a stroke that robbed him of his memory.

His first two years on *National Review* were tumultuous. He was faced with a series of events that challenged the premises of the grand theory he had developed over the previous decade. While other conservatives clung tenaciously to those premises, Burnham, true to the spirit of *The Machiavellians*, modified his views in the light of changed reality.

In February 1956 Nikita Khrushchev gave his "de-Stalinization" speech to the 20th congress of the Soviet Communist Party. Khrushchev's speech and the subsequent "thaw" directly contradicted Burnham's assertion that the Stalinist terror was "integral to communism," as well as his broader identification of Stalinism with communism. Burnham was initially skeptical of the speech and its effects, but by August, faithful to the evidence, he gave in. "The 'thaw' is modest in degree," he wrote. "Nevertheless it is real."

Then in October, his assumptions were more severely tested. The Hungarian uprising of 1956, the Soviet invasion, and the Eisenhower administration's refusal to intervene corresponded almost exactly to the scenario that he had sketched out in *Containment or Liberation?* But he refused to join other conservatives in pressing for American intervention. He defended the Eisenhower administration's unwillingness to intervene militarily, explaining that in refusing to risk war through an "ultimatum or any comparable move with military implications," Eisenhower was following "liberal humanitarian" axioms that "are part of the reality of our time."

"The basic Eisenhower axiom is that the United States will not deliberately initiate the risk of all-out nuclear war," Burnham wrote. Those who called for military intervention, he charged, were practicing a utopian rather than a scientific politics. They were refusing to recognize that society's historic values

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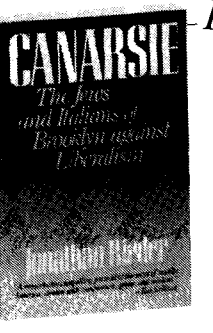

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and traditions did not permit the enactment of the very foreign policy that conservatives—and Burnham himself—had espoused.

Burnham argued that the Hungarian uprising was the "initial phase" in the "breakup of 'the Yalta pattern' according to which Eastern Europe has been organized as a satellite area of the Moscow-dictated Soviet empire." But he contended that Eastern Europe was kept within the Soviet camp not only by force of arms, but by fear of a rearmed, reunified Germany. He therefore called for the reunification of Germany and the neutralization of Central and Eastern Europe—to be carried out on the model of Austria's neutralization—as the means of accelerating the breakup of the Soviet empire.

He was proposing to negotiate with a power that he had formerly described as being irrevocably at war with the West. He defended his proposal by altering his view of the Soviet Union's relationship to Western Europe. In *Containment or Liberation?* he had argued that by referring to the Soviet Union as "Russia," Kennan had betrayed a mistaken conception of Soviet global intentions. Burnham now conceded that Soviet behavior could not be understood exclusively in terms of communism. And he rejected the charge that it was "immoral" to seek coexistence with the Soviet Union. "This is not a moral, but a strategic and geopolitical program. In fact, I would say that if morality enters in at all on this point, it is immoral for one nation not to try to coexist peacefully with every other—no matter what their regimes."

His articles caused a furor among conservatives and on *National Review*'s editorial board. In a series of rebuttals, Schlamm and Frank Meyer accused him of abandoning the doctrine he had conceived. They refused even to acknowledge a change in the Soviet regime since Stalin's death: "The incorrigibly naive West does not understand that Stalinization was the prerequisite for any 'denial of Stalin,' " wrote Schlamm.

Burnham's colleagues were correct that his "Austrian solution" amounted to a practical abdication of, and his "Russian" view of the Soviet Union to a theoretical abandonment of, the liberation doctrine. Burnham's new position was in practice not all that different from Kennan's. It anticipated Henry Kissinger's. Burnham's about-face was testimony to his own lack of dogmatism, to the realism he admired in the Machiavellians.

WHILE HE WAS fighting with Schlamm and Meyer, Burnham was writing his book about American government, *Congress and the American Tradition*. Burnham's approach to American democracy complemented what had become his realistic approach to foreign policy. He contrasted a liberal with a conservative philosophy of government. Liberals believed in the perfectibility of man; they sought to embody the democratic will in unmediated institutions. If socialism tended toward totalitarianism, liberalism tended toward what Burnham called "Caesarism"—meaning, in America, the unchecked rule of the executive. Burnham identified conservatism with the Federalists' skeptical view of human nature, with the constitutional theory of checks and balances, with the supremacy of Congress; and he saw in the diminution of Congress's role (a process that had begun during Theodore Roosevelt's presidency) the growing ascendancy of liberal political thought.

His view of government jibed with the prevailing conservative disenchantment with the New Deal and with Court-ordered desegregation. But it also ran counter to a kind of right-wing authoritarianism that had sought political salvation in the rise of a strong national leader, such as McCarthy or Douglas MacArthur. Burnham's philosophy of government, like his foreign policy in the wake of Hungary, bespoke caution and gradual change, containment rather than rollback. He appeared to be on the verge of a new synthesis. The new philosophy would be conservative, but not radical or counterrevolutionary in the manner of most post-1945 American conservatism.

But instead of going forward, Burnham retreated to the verities of the '50s right wing and his own cold war books. By the late '50s, he may have wearied of factional quarrels: Ralph de Toledano believed that Burnham's "lance was broken" in the bitter quarrels of the '40s and early '50s. Whatever the reason, Burnham did not go from the debate over his "Austrian solution" to a new conception of American foreign policy. Instead, he reverted to the formulations of *Containment or Liberation?*, urging again that the United States go beyond containment and seek to "reunify Germany" and "knock Albania out of the Soviet empire."

During the 1960s Burnham's discussion of the Vietnam War reflected both the best and worst of *Containment or Liberation?* He warned that *"la sale guerre"* could not be won on the scale on which America was fighting it, and he attacked the Wilsonian premises of American intervention. "If we have an excuse for being in Vietnam," he wrote, "it can only be our own security." But as though the debate about the "Austrian solution" had never occurred, he blithely proposed that the United States consider the use of nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons and the invasion of China. He also wildly overestimated the effect of an American defeat in Vietnam, warning in June 1965 that defeat would mean "the foldback of our basic line of defense to our own Pacific coast."

IN 1964 Burnham tried to sum up his reflections on liberalism and the cold war in *The Suicide of the West*. The book was widely heralded on the right, but it simply reiterated Burnham's most extreme formulations. Gone was the recognition, stated clearly in the debate over Hungary, that the Soviet empire was not growing but was in the process of "breaking up," however long that process might take. According to Burnham, the West was "shrinking," because it had lost the "will to survive" in the face of the threat of Soviet communism and the challenge from Third World peoples. The West's will had been sapped by liberal ideology: "Liberalism is the ideology of Western suicide." To prevent the suicide of the West, Burnham argued:

> There would have to be reasserted the pre-liberal conviction that Western Civilization, this Western man, is both different from, and superior in quality to, other civilizations and non-civilizations. . . . And there would have to be a renewed willingness, legitimized by that conviction, to use superior power and the threat of power to defend the West against all challenges and challengers.

The Suicide of the West was a work of imperial nostalgia—the counterpart in foreign policy to right-wing paeans to the 19th-century free market economy. Burnham wanted to return to the pre-World War I era of Western imperialism, with the United States (rather than Britain) as the undisputed leader of world capitalism.

When Burnham was writing about concrete issues rather than speculating about the future of the West, he retained his political realism. He was con-

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stantly keeping his colleagues at *National Review* and his right-wing readers off balance. (*National Review*'s managing editor, Priscilla Buckley, affectionately described him as the magazine's "left-wing deviationist.") From the early '50s on, Burnham, virtually alone on the right, called for the diplomatic recognition of China. In 1964 he favored Nelson Rockefeller for president over Barry Goldwater. And in 1965 Burnham the gradualist called on conservatives to accept the welfare state and Lyndon Johnson's Medicare proposals.

In the Nixon years, faced with an apparent threat to established order from the left, Burnham reiterated the authoritarianism of his cold war books, calling for a "regime that will be authoritative and not liberal." But he was among the very first conservatives to recognize and denounce Nixon's abuse of power. In the mid-'70s, after the threat of the New Left had receded, Burnham appeared particularly open to new directions. Though slow to recognize the Sino-Soviet split (in 1961 he organized a special issue of *National Review* aimed at exposing the split as a "myth"), he very quickly recognized that Deng Xiaoping was taking China in a new direction that had significant implications for American foreign policy. In July 1978 he wrote Buckley:

> As you know I have in the past believed it possible that in a decisive crunch that presented the issue as finance capitalism vs. socialism (which boils down to the U.S. versus the Soviets), China might line up with the Soviets. In recent years, this has seemed to me to become less and less probable. . . . This new China regime, with the undoubted and increasingly manifest break it is making with orthodox Maoism, has profoundly changed China's domestic and global situation. The U.S. has got to get moving in the China connection, and is going to move.

Burnham praised the Carter administration's initiatives toward China, the Panama Canal, and Israel and Egypt. He took the lead in backing the Panama Canal treaty and helped convince Buckley of its merits.

IT WAS to the detriment not only of Burnham but also of American conservatism that he failed to reassess his own position after the bitter *National Review* debate of 1956-57. Instead of creating a new synthesis that might have unified Niebuhrian liberalism and cold war conservatism, Burnham bequeathed a divided legacy of fantasy and realism. To most of the right, only the fantasy has been of any interest. In 1983 the self-declared Burnham disciple Brian Crozier could recommend in *National Review* that "American (and British) politicians in high places take time to read Burnham, or at the very least, the most succinct of the vital series, *Containment or Liberation?*"

Since Ronald Reagan came to power, conservatives have been torn between their ideological commitment to Burnham's rollback strategy and their recognition of the realities of American politics and world power. In December 1984, after Reagan's second landslide victory, the Heritage Foundation sponsored a symposium in *Policy Review* on moving American foreign policy "beyond containment." And in the name of global democracy, neoconservatives have proclaimed their own Wilsonian version of the rollback doctrine. But administration

ALLY VERSUS ALLY

America, Europe, and the Siberian Pipeline Crisis

THE SIBERIAN PIPELINE CRISIS — WHY IT HAPPENED AND WHAT IT AUGURS FOR THE FUTURE OF THE ATLANTIC ALLIANCE.

Antony J. Blinken

Ally versus Ally is an in-depth examination of the largest East-West commercial venture ever undertaken and the crisis it caused in the Atlantic Alliance. In this lively and readable book, Blinken paints a vivid picture of events surrounding the US embargo and the European response. In addition, he analyzes the fundamental differences between the US and Europe — in both economic interests and attitudes towards the USSR — differences that have been revealed by the pipeline incident.

At a time when debate over East-West relations focuses almost exclusively on arms reductions, little attention has been paid to the importance of economic ties. But as the new dialogue between Washington and Moscow progresses, the trade question will again gain prominence and generate controversy. **Ally versus Ally** offers a timely and provocative perspective on East-West relations and on the making of foreign policy from strategic, economic, moral, and legal viewpoints.

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conservatives have been stymied in "rolling back" communism. They have had to settle for the invasion of Grenada, while being unable to defend Poland's Solidarity or to overthrow Nicaragua's Sandinistas. And to pursue their foreign policy objectives, they have had to violate the rule of law that Burnham made the centerpiece of conservative politics in *Congress and the American Tradition*.

Conservatives have also been torn in their understanding of the Soviet Union. Conservative cold war doctrine, derived from Burnham's earlier works, appeared credible during the last years of Brezhnev's rule, when the regime clamped down on domestic dissent and when Soviet generals sought to establish new bases in Africa and the Persian Gulf. But conservatives have been singularly unable to come to terms with Mikhail Gorbachev's *glasnost* and with his arms control overtures. Like Meyer and Schlamm in 1956, the conservatives of today refuse to recognize change.

It is difficult to say what Burnham would have thought of the Reagan years. His legacy remains divided against itself. Both utopians and realists can claim it. American conservatives, living in Burnham's shadow, will continue to stumble between darkness and light.

SOUL AND FORM

More Die of Heartbreak by Saul Bellow

(Morrow, 335 pp., $17.95)

Nobody seems to have noticed that Saul Bellow's new novel really is Saul Bellow's new novel. There is something in the book for which Bellow's previous books have not quite prepared us. That something is Benno Crader, the novel's hero. Crader will be experienced by most readers and writers of American fiction as an embarrassment: he lives metaphysically. Not intellectually; metaphysically. Kenneth Trachtenberg, on the other hand, lives intellectually. He is Crader's nephew, and the narrator of Crader's ordeal in America. Trachtenberg is not new; he is another of Bellow's pathologically reflective men, the latest incarnation of Bellow's impatience with the failure of ideas to perfect life.

The critical fact about *More Die of Heartbreak*—its argument, really—is the difference between Benno Crader and Kenneth Trachtenberg. It is a difference that Terrence Rafferty, in an uncomprehending review in the *New Yorker*, fails to remark upon. "These heads-in-the-clouds characters," he calls Crader and Trachtenberg, "a pair of jabbering, irresolute dreamers." It is true that neither of them is a man of affairs, what Trachtenberg calls "full-blooded men," and also that both of them are academics. (It is true, too, that Bellow's book is too much talk and too little action; the traditionalist has come to confuse discourse with narrative almost as completely as the *nouveaux* he loves to hate.)

But Trachtenberg is a literary historian and Crader is a botanist. Trachtenberg is the voluble votary of art and politics, a common idolater of history. Crader is stiller, more concentrated, more universal, a fundamental man. He studies plants not as a professor, but as a man consecrated to the search for a higher significance. Trachtenberg is a mind. Crader is a soul. But Rafferty (who writes of "the cracker-barrel mysticism of Rudolph Steiner") thinks that Crader's "spirit seems smaller, his resources more limited" than Bellow's other heroes. The poverty of urbanity is plain again.

If Crader is "smaller," may the good Lord shrink us all. Trachtenberg marvels at what he calls his uncle's "magics." "I approach my uncle," he begins, "with the thought that what everybody today requires is a fresh mode of experience." A fine late-20th-century thought. Unlike Trachtenberg, however, Crader "was not worried about a fresh mode of experience because he always interpreted experience for himself." Crader is a "Citizen of Eternity." His science is a technique of spirituality. Empirical observation spills over into poetic intuition; the visible conducts to the invisible. Crader is not another grant grabber and conference creeper. There is Romanticism in his laboratory.

The leap of Bellow's novel consists partly in the enchantment of its hero. Crader is a Goethean figure. In 1790 Goethe published *The Metamorphosis of Plants*; the object of his investigations was the *Urpflänze*, the inner form that animates the phenomena beneath his gaze. "To recognize living forms as such, to see in context their visible and tangible parts, to perceive them as manifestations of something within, and then to master them in their wholeness through a concrete vision": these were Goethe's aims as a scientist. Or as he put it elsewhere, "to liberate the phenomena once and for all from the gloom of the empirico-mechanico-dogmatic torture chamber." This is Crader's spirit (and the "cracker-barrel" spirit of Steiner) exactly. Crader is a hero of consciousness, but not the *Partisan Review* kind. He has made it past history to life.

Crader's achievement is a wonder to his nephew, not least because of the success of his resistance to his surroundings. His serenity, after all, and his personal acquaintance with the patterns and the forces of organic life have been achieved smack in the middle of that great empirico-mechanico-dogmatic torture chamber that is the modern American city—in this instance, in a boisterous, corrupt, power-soaked, frantically hungry, Chicago-like city in the Midwest. The plot of *More Die of Heartbreak* is simply (perhaps a little too simply) the undoing of the mystic by the city.

Crader finds himself tricked into marriage by the father of his betrothed. Crafty Dr. Layamon has correctly concluded that Crader is in a position to recover vast sums of money from his own uncle, the political boss Harold Vilitzer, who stung Crader's family in a real estate swindle many years ago. But it is not only Crader's innocence that the perfidious Layamons play upon. It is to their advantage, too, that Crader is in need of love. The empyrean that Crader inhabits does not include the experience of women. He is sexually without confidence and without judgment. And he is lonely. For the lesser but cleverer people around him, Crader is an easy hit. Gimpel the botanist.

The helplessness of the other-worldly before the this-worldly is Bellow's theme. His reverence for Crader is a little at odds with the robustness with which he describes Crader's humiliation. He displays his characteristic delight in the details of ordinary depredations and unexceptional defilements, his proud un-

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derstanding of the way the world works. Here is the old Bellow, straddling streets and books, head in the clouds *and* feet on the ground, a fiend of irony. But this Bellow could not have imagined Crader. Crader is the creation of a man who wants to turn his back, who has concluded that the way the world works is often the way the soul fails.

Bellow has never precisely sided with reality. He has insisted only that it is foolish not to understand reality, and that intellectuals are therefore the most regular of fools. His new novel seems premised, however, upon the conviction that reality contaminates, that the understanding of it may be a form of complicity with it, that there may be a spiritual price to pay for the closeness required for comprehension. The author of *Herzog* was content to be smart. The author of *More Die of Heartbreak* is not. The character of Crader represents more than the mere criticism of criticism.

If Bellow is more than Trachtenberg, though, he is less than Crader. His novel is inflamed by the possibility of extrication, but it narrates the near-impossibility of extrication. Crader is successfully duped, and barely gets away. This is a work of spleen. It gives a soul, and then gives it away. For a hundred pages or so, Crader is pictured in all his purity; and then he is left to the lions. Trachtenberg tells the tale of Crader's obstacles, of the conditions of his life that capture his vision and begin to lay him low. Finally the novel is an inventory of impediments to spiritual life.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The first of the impediments is America. Though Bellow's novel is brimming with American energies and American excesses, it is, in a sense, spiritually anti-American. America is presented as a disperser of the spirit, a commotion of deceits and distractions, a shallow, crowded, broken-down, tawdry shrine to money and power. Again, there is Bellow's admiration for the very fierceness of America's faults, for the great thrill of the American secular. "The U.S.A. is where the action is," Trachtenberg announces; and Bellow is almost vain about his alertness to the "action." But this time the "action" fills Bellow with contempt, because he is measuring its consequences not upon a false inner life, but upon a true one.

Of course Bellow is right: this is an essentially profane and profaning society. (The development of its religions is the proof.) Yet Bellow does not seem quite aware that he has produced a vivacious indictment of America. Instead he misplaces his anger. His book is sprinkled, for example, with an unworthy scorn for what he calls "the Third World." It is saddening to see Bellow become a party to the fashionable neocolonialist rant. How exactly do the troubles of "the Third World" (there is no such place, except in the demonological schemes of frightened Western intellectuals) interfere with an American's search for meaning? What trips Crader up are the political and social practices of the United States. The inadequacy is native. Indeed, if Bellow wishes to measure societies by the support they provide for metaphysical exertion, he will have to concede that there are regions of "the Third World" in which a sublime being like Crader will be more at home than in Crader's country.

Then there is the intellectual impediment. In his foreword to Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*, Bellow records his complaint about the American intellectual in a way that bears directly upon his new novel. Writing of *Herzog*, he observes that it

> was meant to be a comic novel: a Ph.D. from a good American university falls apart when his wife leaves him for another man.... What is he to do in this moment of crisis, pull Aristotle or Spinoza from the shelf and storm through the pages looking for consolation and advice? The stricken man, as he tries to put himself together again, interpret his experience, make sense of life, becomes clearly aware of the preposterousness of such an effort.... I meant the novel to show how little strength "higher education" had to offer a troubled man. In the end he is aware that he has *no* education in the conduct of life.

Crader's nephew may as well be Herzog's son: Trachtenberg, too, is a man lousy with culture who is regularly bested by the mess of human intimacy. "There are times," Bellow writes, "when I enjoy making fun of the educated American." *More Die of Heartbreak* is another of those times. (So, too, is his canny contribution to Bloom's volume, which casts Bloom in a rather unflattering Bellovian light. Authors, beware such endorsements. What better example, after all, of the Fallacy of Misplaced Bookishness than Bloom's own prescription for America? What is America to do in this moment of crisis, pull Aristotle or Spinoza from the shelf?)

Looking back on *Herzog*, however,

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Bellow notes that

> there is one point at which, assisted by his comic sense, he is able to hold fast. In the greatest confusion there is still an open channel to the soul. It may be difficult to find because by midlife it is overgrown, and some of the wildest thickets surrounding it grow out of what we describe as our education. But the channel is always there, and it is our business to keep it open, to have access to the deepest part of ourselves—to that part of us which is conscious of a higher consciousness, by means of which we make final judgments and put everything together. The independence of this consciousness, which has the strength to be immune to the noise of history and the distractions of our immediate surroundings, is what the life struggle is all about. The soul has to find and hold its ground against hostile forces, sometimes embodied in ideas which frequently deny its very existence, and which indeed often seem to be trying to annul it altogether.

These wise and beautiful sentences capture the objective of Bellow's book perfectly. This time his comedy of thinkers is mounted not in the name of the mind, but in the name of the soul. This time the distinction that matters is not between true culture and false culture, but between culture and nature; not between true positions and false positions, but between positions and essences. Bellow has discerned the far-reaching difference between intellectual life and contemplative life. And also that there are significant elements of a modern intellectual's education that must be unlearned, if a beginning is to be made. The adjective "restless" may not be the highest compliment we can pay to the noun "mind." Of course, science is Crader's good fortune; his "magics" might have been harder to come by in the wastes of critical discourse.

There is still another impediment to the American Contemplative in Bellow's account. Generally, it is what he refers to violently as "the garbage of 'personal life.' " "The private life is almost always a banquet of sores with a garnish of trivialities or downright trash." Specifically, it is women. *More Die of Heartbreak* is unrelenting in its disgust for women, who are portrayed as if their reason for being is the frustration of the better selves of men. Matilda, Treckie, Caroline, Della: they are all curses in makeup, utterly ridiculous figures, plotting predators, exploiters of desire. (There is also one Dita, with whom Trachtenberg finds respite, who is exempt from the great excoriation; but she is also exempt from sexual interest.) At one point Bellow's horror of women is promoted into a theory of history: "The East has the ordeal of privation, the West has the ordeal of desire"—sort of a cross between Strindberg and Solzhenitsyn.

More Die of Heartbreak is a sorry tale of male self-pity. (The title itself is rather shocking in its unBellovian bathos.) Once again a man has mistaken the sexual incompetence of men for the sexual competence of women. Crader and Trachtenberg are both erotically hapless; and the excellence of their intellect is adduced as a kind of proof that their failure in love cannot be their own fault. The roughness of Bellow's attitude mars the nobility of his purpose.

It is probably the case that the contemplative life is not possible without some leaving of the world. But the world must be left in peace. If it is left in rancor, it is not left at all. You cannot leave something that you continue to hate. Your hatred merely reproduces the relationship. Bellow's predicament seems to be that he has been given the gift of contemplation, but not the gift of calm. Instead, he seems shackled by rage, diminished by resentment. He is a prisoner of his wounds, with an eye on the promised land.

AT THE END of the novel, at the very end, Crader does get away. He saves himself, he "rises from the ashes," by rashly setting out for Antarctica, where he will study lichens and live in night and in ice. He will recover his morphological armor. He will abandon affect to save his soul. Crader's flight to Antarctica, the land of light covered in darkness, is moving; the link between inner beauty and outer barrenness is a feature of real renunciation.

But Crader's flight is also striking for its artificiality. It is virtually a flight from the novel itself. The ending does not "work," for the hundreds of pages of disappointment and disillusion that precede Crader's redemption have taught that it cannot happen. It is, in the strict sense, unaccountable. When it does happen, we have reached not only the limits of credibility, but in a way the limits of the form as well. Transcendence cannot be a part of a plot, since it marks the end of plot itself. Thus we hear nothing of Crader in Antarctica, just as we heard nothing of Crader in his laboratory, studying his specimens, saving the appearances. Crader is discussed, but he is not shown. For Crader is, in his laboratory, a creature of certainty, and it may be that the novel was not designed for certainty. "The novel is the epic of a world that has been abandoned by God," wrote Lukács.

If not as a man, then certainly as a novelist, Bellow seems trapped. He is fixed upon final truths, but he commands a form that does not tolerate salvation. (Compare the last chapter of *Crime and Punishment* with the rest of the novel; you will pine for the contradictions.) The novel can point, but it cannot follow. And the temptation to surrender skepticism anyway must be hard to resist, particularly for a writer who has raised skepticism into art. Bellow is resisting.

LEON WIESELTIER

ROBERT BLY QUELLING RIOTS IN MIAMI

You there! Did you know I wrote
a poem the day you were born? And every single day
I rise and measure myself against stones outside
that have millions of notches in them.
Stones like the one in your hand!

Once I had hair that made my body appear much larger.
Once I held a stone as you do now, and drove
a '65 Biscayne, bay-blue, beautiful
as prose. I have imagined myself
every bit as black as you, weeping
tears in the shapes of corn
that every man weeps whose skin has absorbed
the glare of floodlights, even in a barn.

Put down that stone! Or I will
refuse to write any longer. The stones of the earth,
like its children, should not be raised
as fists, but should settle, as I long to,
in my woman's lap, where ringless fingers
like young trees draw on my scalp
the world as it is.

DANIEL BOSCH

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BUDDING BROOKE

The Neo-pagans: Rupert Brooke and the Ordeal of Youth
by Paul Delany

(Free Press, 270 pp., $24.95)

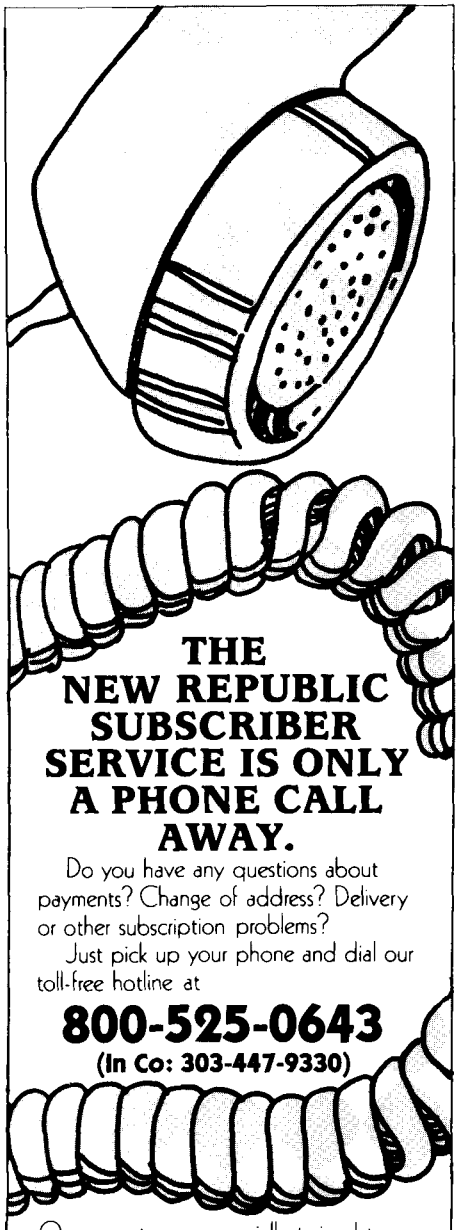
Has it been announced that we have entered the *fin de siècle*? Has it been acknowledged that we live too late to change the tone of our century, that it is already preparing its features for the death mask, that its dubious gifts to history have all but been made, and that whatever we may invent in the next millennium, the calendar now dooms us to a period of retrospection? If, in the mind's receding eye, one imagines the abstract shape of our century, it begins to take the form of two flat patches interrupted by a great dark bulge. We occupy one flat patch; those who lived before the First World War occupy the other. Most of us live too late, and most of them lived too early, to find an identity in the shameful swollen middle of our hundred years. You might think that this would create solidarity between us late ones and those early ones, but far more common is the suspicion felt toward the innocents by the connoisseurs of guilt.

"I first heard of him," wrote D. H. Lawrence, "as a Greek god under a Japanese sunshade, reading poetry in his pyjamas at Grantchester—at Grantchester upon the lawns where the river goes." He was Rupert Brooke, and this would probably have been 1910 or 1911, when he was living just outside Cambridge, presiding over his dew-dabbled friends, writing poetry on the grass, hosting illustrious visitors who came to inspect the innocence of youth. Henry James arrived, and Brooke punted him down the River Cam. Virginia Woolf spent a week and later remembered the figure Brooke cut: "He was living at Grantchester; his feet were permanently bare; he disdained tobacco and butcher's meat; and he lived all day, and perhaps slept all night, in the open air." Woolf called his gang of friends "Neo-pagans," and the ironic tag stuck.

Peter Pan and the Boy Scout movement are two English inventions of the first decade of the 20th century, and it is no disparagement of Brooke to say that he combined the lessons of both. It was the Peter Pan in him who charmed Cambridge by saying that "nobody over thirty is worth talking to," and who was night-fishing in Tahiti while Europe was shuffling toward catastrophe. It was the Boy Scout who took to camping and hiking, and then later took to war. Much of Brooke's attraction was no doubt his disdain for adulthood, his refusal (like Peter Pan's) to learn "solemn things"—until the moment of crisis when, like any good scout, he gave up amusement and instantly became a man. ("Margery says the sailing [in Cornwall] is the best in England. . . . But what can one *do*, if there's war?") Even now, photographs of Brooke stir the thought that he was Youth, Light, Air.

Although Brooke never succeeded in becoming the first modern poet, he may deserve to be called the first modern undergraduate, a title of comparable significance. His years at King's College, Cambridge, fell in the middle of that eerie flatness between the death of Queen Victoria in 1901 and the First World War, between the old morality and the new savagery, when it briefly seemed possible to reinvent the world. Brooke's idea was to reinvent great poetry, but what he said toward the end of his life seems just: "I tried to be a poet. And because I'm a clever writer, & because I was forty times as sensitive as anybody else—I succeeded a little."

In the best of his pre-war poems there is a deft mix of self-mockery and self-delight, which Woolf thought may have become a "subtle analytic poetry." But whatever might have happened in the verse, in his life Brooke succeeded entirely in becoming a new form of icon, the undergraduate as culture hero. As he aptly put it, he had a "genius for organization" that brought his friends into deep mutual devotion and earned them the fancy name "Neo-pagan." If they had nothing like a coherent philosophy, they were high-spirited enough to set much of the undergraduate agenda and to follow it even after they left Cambridge: unchaperoned camping, nude swimming, the marriage of art and life, the victory of socialism, the unlimited discussion of the emotions. It is easy to patronize this sensibility, but it was one that saw the value of living intensely



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and knew that it was possible to do so.

Paul Delany has written a late-century book about this early-century mythology, and although the unobjectionable aim of *The Neo-pagans* is to record the facts about Brooke and the company he kept, this ambition becomes entangled in the politics of biography. Delany cannot conceal his anger at those who have carefully tended Brooke's reputation by withholding information from critical scrutiny: "If one asks what they really wanted to protect, the final answer has to be *themselves*." In response this book offers itself as a blow against cant, against sentimentality, against self-protecting hypocrisy, in favor of the naked truth. The program sounds straightforward enough, but it turns out to raise some difficult questions, among them the question of how naked a personality must become before it yields its truth.

Soon after his Cambridge crowd dispersed in 1912, Brooke had his first significant poetic success when the initial volume of *Georgian Poetry*, including five of his poems, was published to applause and to strong sales. He quickly became well-connected in London society; but the following year he left on a tour of America and the Pacific, ending up in Tahiti, where he dallied with a native girl. He returned to England only two months before the war. Just after hostilities break out, he writes a poignant letter in which he describes his "two natures," one that is "normal and English," and the other that is "solitary, selfish, unbound, and doubtful." He follows the straight self into the Royal Naval Division, and he is dead eight months later.

In the weeks before he died Brooke became a famous poet, and he lived just long enough to hear the news of his fame. In the spring of 1915, as Brooke was sailing with the English expedition to Gallipoli, the dean of St. Paul's delivered an Easter sermon in which he enlarged his thoughts on Isaiah by reading one of Brooke's sonnets, the one that begins:

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England.

The sentiment and indeed the rhythm crystallized a moment in national consciousness. Three weeks later, when Brooke was dead, they crystallized an image of him. The dead poet kept select company; he was another Sidney or another Byron. As one biographer has put it, anyone who could read the evening papers quickly became as familiar with Brooke's last sonnets as with Hamlet's soliloquies, and while his oldest friends kept a discreet silence, the friends of Youth grew clamorous.

(PHOTO BY SHERRILL SCHELL)

It is difficult to know exactly what they thought they were celebrating. Delany puts the awkward question well: "How did someone who never fired his gun in anger and died of an infected mosquito bite become the most famous hero of the war, the only one still alive in the popular imagination?" Part of the answer must be that Brooke had not lived long enough to achieve definition as a personality or a poet. His gifts were obvious, but no one could tell what form they would take, with the result that he came to represent ability in the abstract, everyman's portrait of the artist as a young man, fully accomplished in nothing and so all the more capable of anything.

In 1918 there appeared an effusive memoir prepared by Brooke's friend and patron Edward Marsh. Virginia Woolf, who was asked to review it for the *Times Literary Supplement*, complained to her diary that the book was a "disgraceful sloppy sentimental rhapsody, leaving Rupert rather tarnished," but when she came to write her essay she rhapsodized in a key of her own. She conjures an image of his legendary beauty; she muses on the strength of personality that subjugated a generation; and she pictures him as no heroic naïf but as a self-conscious poseur who had perfected the art of naturalness. "What would he have been?" she can't help but ask; "what would he have done?"

For the rest of her life Woolf returned intermittently and uneasily to thoughts of Brooke, and the scattered comments left behind in her diary, her correspondence, and her published essays amount to the most subtle response we have. Her life briefly veered close to his; her art never did; she felt close to him, then distant, "scratchy," then reverent, fond, then abusive. As early as 1916 she wrote to her friend (and his lover) Katherine Cox that "I never think his poetry good enough for him, but I did admire him very much indeed, and he always

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seemed to me like a fully grown person among mummies and starvelings (which refers to the people I live among)." And two decades later, near the end of her life, she toyed with the idea of publishing an edition of his letters in the hope of restoring the force of character lost amid the sentiment: "I can't help feeling that he has been smothered and castrated, and there he is, quite different and memorable, could we disinter him."

DISINTERRING Rupert Brooke is Delany's task, but everything depends on what one brings back from the grave. His Brooke is a pampered schoolboy who discovers that the only thing worse than the anguish of chastity is the anguish of copulation. We get a new version of the sexual panic of 1911 and the breakdown of 1912, when he suffered a nervous collapse after Katherine Cox said she loved Another; we get a tediously full first-person account of a night of homosexual passion; we get the low comedy of the simultaneous pursuit of three (or four) women. At one point when Delany (reasonably enough) chides others for suppressing negative evidence, he remarks with bitter irony that "one might just as well argue that the nasty parts show the 'real' Rupert." Irony aside, this is indeed the point of view controlling the book, the nasty parts as the engine of personality and Brooke as another Victorian pretender, ravaged by modern desire.

Delany is surely right that the fat cannot just be cut out of a life in order to leave a lean heroism behind. The question, however, remains: Once you submit the whole body to the biographic eye, what kind of portrait do you draw? Delany thinks he knows. At the end of his rendering of Brooke's life he throws one last glare at the received mythology and then concludes that "the real story is far from golden, but more worth the telling." We see what he means: Who doesn't feel a secret delight in catching a marble monument with its pants down? But to indulge this delight is to begin to see a story as "real" just to the extent that it trounces the "ideal."

Here is where the shape of the century leaves its impress: although it cannot have been Delany's intention, *The Neopagans* plays out a confrontation between those on opposite sides of the dark bulge. Delany writes about youth from the standpoint of age, and this leads to a marked historical condescension; Brooke in 1912 appears as young as the

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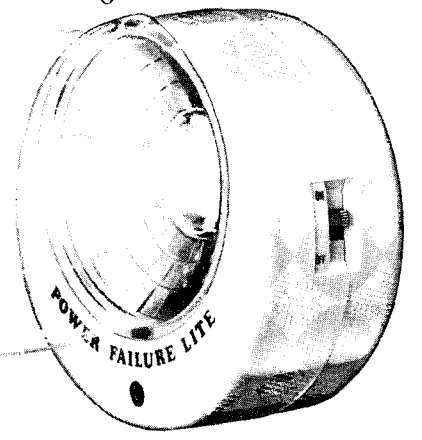

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century, and Delany in 1987 appears as old. Describing Brooke's friendship with Charles Sayle, Delany writes: "Their intimacy was of a kind that had long vanished. Today it appears both touching and preposterous." Elsewhere he solemnly intones: "Today, the word for a character like Rupert's is 'inauthentic.' " This reminds us that being among the living gives the critic a leg up on those preposterous enough to have lived yesterday. Or as Brooke himself put it, anticipating the end: "It's odd, being dead."

One reason it's odd is that the dead are ventriloquists' dummies. They smile woodenly, and when we quote their words we think we hear them speak. Delany, who likes his history to read like a novel, relies heavily on the conversational letters of Brooke and his intimates, in line with the assumption—a dogma in our flat patch—that we are most ourselves when we expose our emotions to one another, when we plead with a lover or bully a friend. The full title of the book suggests its double focus, at once a biography and a milieu study, a Group Portrait with Famous Poet, evidently inspired by the thought that the best way to know the self is to watch it in the heat of social exchange.

But is this so? Was it so for Brooke? Gwen Raverat once wrote of her fellow Neo-pagans that "when you look at each one separately, they're very nice, but as a whole they're incredibly wearisome." Delany ignores this warning from within his own book, the warning that the intensities of social life will not reveal but distort the individual and that the milieu study and the biography will collide, not harmonize. If Brooke fares so poorly in these pages, it is at least in part because we see him always performing in the theater of the group, which in the case of the Neo-pagans was a theater of melodrama leavened with farce.

It is surely telling that this biography is unconcerned to evoke the image of Brooke alone. He is always attending dinners, presiding over picnics, camping with friends, haranguing would-be lovers. And yet he was, please recall, a poet. How could he ever have written a line if he was so busy fumbling with his zipper? "In the middle of these intrigues," writes Delany at one point, "Rupert's *Poems* were published"; and then a sentence later the intrigues resume. Lytton Strachey appears in the work as a "scientist of personal relations," but the phrase applies better to Delany himself, who is interested in nothing as "mythological" as poetry but who charts the minor ebbs and flows of libido and who is capable of writing passages such as this one:

> Looking across to London from Berlin, Rupert saw a society in which every fence was down. Lytton Strachey, the confirmed homosexual, had ingratiated himself with Henry Lamb by playing the pandar [sic] between him and Ka. Rupert's younger brother, Alfred, had welcomed the overtures from the homosexual milieu that Rupert himself had rejected. Virginia [Woolf], with whom Rupert had bathed naked at Grantchester, was now giving herself to a Jew. And James [Strachey], along with other homosexual friends of Rupert's, was finding that he could love women as well as men. Rupert could enjoy the company of "half-men"—he was, after all, half one himself—but he wanted them to stay in their place, which was among their own kind.

Brooke, we may say, didn't know what to do with his body until he exposed it to the violence of war. And he didn't know what to do with his voice until he began to sing for his country. We may find the image of the golden youth too Grecian for our taste; we are no doubt more at home with jealous desires than with noble illusions. And when we read lines such as these—

> War knows no power. Safe shall be
> my going,
> Secretly armed against all death's
> endeavour;
> Safe though all safety's lost; safe
> where men fall;
> And if these poor limbs die, safest of all

—we may shudder at the thought that they drew even one other victim to the slaughter. But it seems impossible, or at least ill-mannerly, to doubt the integrity of the emotion or to demean the accomplishment of turning the hysteria of 1912 into the equanimity of 1915.

Here at the end of our century, it may be our form of decadence to repudiate heroic imagery so energetically that we create only its reverse image, and to end by illustrating Sainte-Beuve's dictum that nothing resembles a swelling so much as a hollow. "I have tried," writes Delany, "to show enough of the darker side of Neo-paganism to avoid the rose-tinted nostalgia of which we have had too much already." Is that really our choice? Nostalgia or the science of personal relations? Rosy tints or dark shadows? Delany wants to find the "real Rupert behind the mask," but why should we feel the real Rupert to be there? Doesn't he anticipate his century in at least this respect: that the mask cannot be lifted from his face?

MICHAEL LEVENSON

Michael Levenson teaches English at the University of Virginia and is the author of *A Genealogy of Modernism* (Cambridge University Press).

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

all other senators from the South ... signed the 'Southern Manifesto' against *Brown* v. *Board of Education*" (New Hampshire Diarist, "To the Head of the Class," July 27). The late Estes Kefauver, then senior senator from Tennessee, also refused to sign, and suffered political difficulties at home because of this courageous stand.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Not Everybody Does It

I CHANGED MY regular D.C. church last Sunday to avoid becoming part of a "community." A "community," as the Jesuit priest, Father Jim, pointed out, is what happens when you introduce yourself to the person next to you in the pew. He was called Terry. I got to know him later anyway at the "sign of peace," the Vatican II equivalent of that poignant moment in "The Price Is Right" when you realize you're the contestant. (Why is everybody smiling at me?) This "sign of community" is charming in Thailand's churches, where they bow, and in Ireland's, where they ignore it. But with Terry, it just felt embarrassing. In England, where I grew up, it was even worse. "Peace" meant a strategic battle at the beginning of the service to avoid sitting next to any of the "kissing ladies": vast, veiled, benign matrons, artfully positioned around the nave, eager to seize small boys in a powerful grip when the moment for "that sign" came around. Being attacked by a pair of moist, mustache-laden lips in the name of "peace" was about the only form of genuinely medieval terror Catholicism still had up its sleeve.

"COMMUNITY," IN SHORT, is now almost always its opposite. In the modern Catholic Church, it means the dubious pleasure of being ministered to, smiled at, or worse, egregiously patronized by someone you don't know. In politics, it's a euphemism for "vote": "How's the black community these days?" "Oh, I've got about 60 percent, thank you." In philosophy, it's a way liberals can be Burkeans without upsetting the dinner party. "Community," in other words, is now only articulated by those who have none, for entities that don't exist. Real communities keep quiet and get on with what motivates them: usually self-interest, mostly habit, occasionally inarticulate affection. Distance is crucial: some things don't need to be said, let alone touched. The old High Mass is a case in point. It's hard to think of a more genuine community in action. But its central qualities are the anonymity of the congregation and the absence of sentiment—a clear sign (pace Tammy Faye) of the presence of faith. Now the language of real estate commercials and the sentiments of the miniseries sustain a fake community that's worse than none at all.

CITIES, THE BRASHEST new dance club in D.C., organized an event last week dedicated to the Meaning of Life (Tuesday, 9 p.m.). The invitation boasted a medieval martyr impaled on a crucifix. Dress: white with a splash of red. (Please bring a date and stigmata.) It was, of course, just another ploy to turn people out on a Tuesday night. The ploy included a jiving preacher on a PTL lectern, a seminaked man tied to a pillar, and two blond women on a lifeguard stand. But as the dry ice filtered, incenselike, around the anonymous bodies and the music hit the higher range of the synthesizer, it was hard not to feel that Father Jim should have been there. It beat the modern mass for transcendence: the aesthetics were medieval, the mindset was populist, and the music was Madonna. On top of this, it had the quintessential quality of real religious life. It was even in bad taste.

HERE'S ONE FOR the Tipper. What do you do about a pornographic video advocating monogamy? George Michael (the sexually determinate half of Wham!) recently produced one of the best dance singles of the summer and the ultimate me-generation theme song with "I Want Your Sex." But not exactly. At the beginning of the video, George Michael's South London voice tells us that "this song is not about casual sex." The next shot is of a stunningly sensuous woman, lying on her back, draped in torn black silk. Her upturned legs, framed by George's half-shaven jaw, then twitch in the air to be greeted by a gush of descending water. This, we are invited to believe, is Mr. Michael's wife. It gets better. The lyrics sound like an outtake from *Humanae Vitae*: "Sex is natural, sex is fun. Sex is best when it's one on one." That's one at all, you understand, not one at a time. It goes on: "Sex is natural, sex is good. Not everybody does it, but everybody should." Of course, Paul VI didn't put it quite like that, but if you're married . . . Just to make sure, at the end of the video, George carefully draws in pink lipstick, just above his wife's navel, the immortal words: "Explore Monogamy." My church or yours?

MEANWHILE, IT GETS more embarrassing to be a "conservative" every day. The latest edition of the New Right/Old Left magazine *Policy Review* has just hit the stands. I say Old Left because the mentality is the nearest thing you get to neo-Leninism this side of the 1930s. Not only is there a world-historical movement (this time around it's the free market), but there's also a nice touch of determinism. Among the "One Hundred Conservative Victories" over the last decade—"ten years that shook the world"—are: "January 17, 1978. Giveaway of Panama Canal . . . opposition becomes important symbol of Americans' rejection of a foreign policy of surrender." Every victory for the running dogs of liberalism, you understand, only helps the revolution. Then God comes in: "March 30, 1981. Reagan survives assassin." But the real turning point is "November 15, 1981. ABC hires George Will." Well, I guess it's hard to beat that for a step on the road to conservative consciousness. Let a thousand neocons bloom, let a hundred supply-siders contend. And, in case you're interested, it's a world revolution we're talking about: "September 3, 1984. Vatican condemns Marx." Must have read the latest *Commentary*. "December 7, 1984. China condemns Marx." Must have heard the pope. "1986. Italy smashes terrorism." I like the generosity with the date. And did you know that the top tax rate in Botswana is now 15 percent lower than in 1979? Probably connected with "July 10, 1986. South African Bill of Rights." Just how did we forget that?

TERRY EASTLAND comes closest to revisionism, but thankfully pulls back from the brink. Asked to define his utopia, he falters: "The ideal conservative state? That's an oxymoron inasmuch as conservatism eschews utopias. Nonetheless, I offer this. . . ." That was close. Conservatism in America now means defending subversions of the Constitution, running foreign policy by a "doctrine," believing in the economic determinism of the market, and fostering world revolution. Whatever happened to "being mugged by reality"? It will come, Terry. It will come.

A. S.

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